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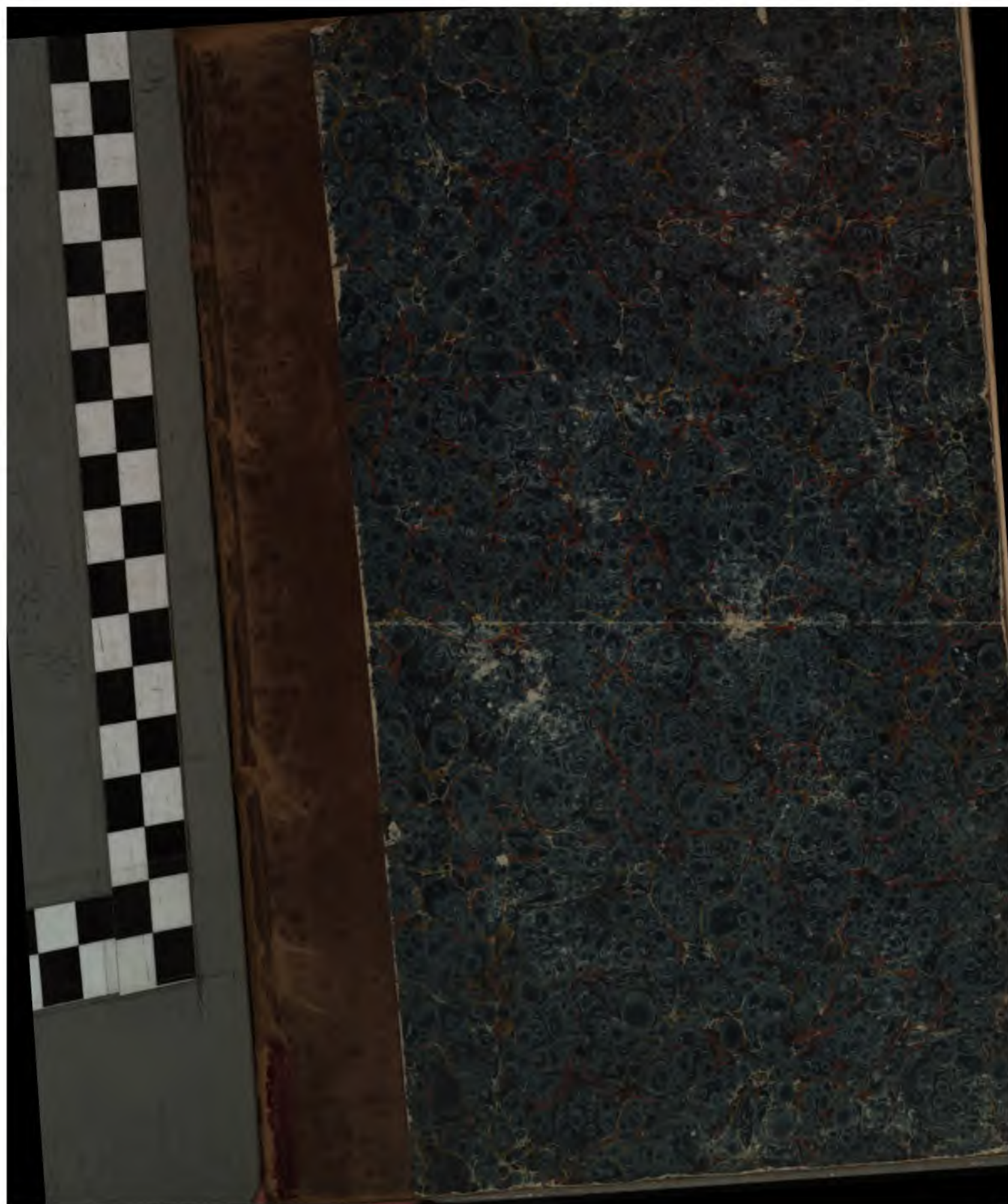
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Points of Misery.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.



POINTS OF MISERY;

OR

FABLES FOR MANKIND:

Prose and Verse,

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL,

BY

CHARLES WESTMACOTT.

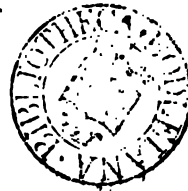
Illustrated with Twenty Designs,

BY

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



Canst thou not 'minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1823.

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Man and his Miseries.

“ The mind of man is so curiously constructed, and so fitly framed for enjoyment, that it is capable of extracting pleasure from the most opposing circumstances, and the most diversified scenes. By a power more subtle and refined than alchymy, he can extract from the warring elements of discord the most sublime harmony—from the apparently deformed face of nature the most enchanting beauty—from poisons of the deadliest power, the kindly healing balm, the animating breath of life.

“ Without this faculty his title of the Lord of the Universe would be but an empty name ; for in physical qualifications he is far inferior to many of the animals around him ; but animated by this power, he regards the rolling year as a round of perpetual gratification.”

Points of Misery.



Point i.

MISERIES OF AUTHORCRAFT.

Readers, Booksellers, Authors, and Critics, a Sample of the Sentimental, the Merry, and the Sorrowful.

COURTEOUS reader, when you have overcome the first point of misery, (i. e.) paying the silver-tongued accoucher of literature his modest demand for paper and print, you are generally stopped short in your thirst after knowledge or amusement by another serious impediment in the shape of a long, dull, doleful preface, detailing the miseries of authorship, or made up of panegyric, apology, and fearful solicitation, addressed to their high mightinesses the gentlemen snarlers, *vulgo* critics of the periodical press, imploring their mercy and the reader's patience. Now we are free to confess, we are too proud to solicit, and too poor to bribe, and must therefore be content to stand or fall purely upon our own humble pretensions. A preface we shall dispense with, unless this chapter may be considered as an apology for one, or accepted as a short note

of introduction, without which the reader might question the author's capability of being polite though poor, and merry in the midst of misery.

To proceed—Juvenal, who was certainly no joker, calls “those happy whom life has schooled to *bear* her fretting yoke.” Shakespeare too furnishes a moral for the miserable, which may be well applied to the same profitable end.

—————“ More merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.”

Laughter, says a merry wag of our own times, an old brother Pauline, is, next to *breathing*, the most important business of the lungs. To which we beg leave to add—it is as essential to health and old age as good exercise and regular diet—’tis “like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die:” the best antidote to the miseries of human life is patience and a merry companion; the first arms us with the power to *bear* the evils, and the second laughs us into good humour with our load.

“ There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation’s idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.”

Such is not the merriment we seek to excite, but by humorously depicting, both with pen and pencil, the evils of life to the eye of reason, counteract the baneful effects

of discontent and misery, and teach that magnanimity of mind which can rise superior to the tantalizing vexations, cares and common occurrences of the world.

“ For in the fountain where the sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.”

Misery is the lot of man: there is nothing so prosperous and pleasant, but it has some bitterness mixed with it. “ The heart,” says Solomon, “ even in the midst of laughter, is sorrowful, and the end of mirth is heaviness.” The world produces for every pint of honey a gallon of gall; for every dram of pleasure a pound of pain; for every inch of mirth an ell of moan; and as the ivy twines round the oak, so do misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man.

Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; but pleasure lives nearer to our dwelling than we generally suppose, and needs only a kind invitation and a firm resolution to be made an intimate companion.

Reader, be your natural disposition lively as quicksilver, or dull and sour as the leaden pedantry of a college tutor, be your vein merry or miserable, whimsical or witty, cynical or critical, you shall find within food for your humour, materials for speculation, points which appertain to all ranks and conditions: the anatomy of the mind displayed in all the chequered varieties of life, subjects on

which the contemplatist may philosophise, the learned be erudite, the wit brilliant, the misanthrope amusing, pale melancholy and black despondency forget their habitual gloom, and despite of themselves laugh at the grotesque exhibition of their own portraits; here may the hypochondriac find the chimeras of his flitting brain transferred to paper, and divested of their corrosive murky influence, the magic spell of sullen disappointment vanish into airy nothing, and blue devil sprites, transformed to merry genii, join in the revels of Terpsichore: here too the heart of feeling and the soul of sympathy shall drop the balmy tear of pity at the recital of human woe, and receive a fresh impetus to the inspiring delight which springs from the practice of celestial charity. We do not mean to attempt a revision of stale jokes and threadbare witticisms, culled from the oft robbed orchard of the facetious old Joe Miller. No, our purpose is to paint the miseries of human life, and by "holding the mirror up to nature" teach her sons and daughters the true philosophy of the art of healing by comparison, or of forgetting by example. As in language there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so in the miseries of this world there is often but a slight partition between the ludicrous and the grievous, between mirth and misery, and it is generally our own fault if in our journey through this world the two former are not our inseparable companions; and first let us begin with——



THE MS. RETURNED.

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORCRAFT.

An author by profession may always be known by certain outward unquestionable appearances of poverty, which are sure indications of genius and a total disregard for decency. His exalted pursuits elevate him above the paltry considerations of cleanliness; the luxury of a change of linen, or the perplexing extravagance of two coats, would only distract his attention from his literary pursuits, or frighten his bookseller out of all recollection of his person. His face should resemble a dried mummy, and his eye be sunk deep in the socket, like the wick of an expiring parish lamp; the skinny exterior of his upper lip should be well covered with snuff, and his teeth give proofs of his attach-

ment to the social pipe; his hat should be of the fashion of his boyish days, pinched into a thousand eccentric forms, by way of amusement while waiting in anxious expectation of a great man's notice, or a bookseller's liberality; his boots should be water proof, (i. e.) one hole to let the water in, and another to let it out; his pocket handkerchief (if he does not use the sleeve of his coat) should have more holes than the French admiral's flag at the battle of the Nile, and must on no account be washed above once in six months, for fear of wearing it out. In his carriage he should preserve a gentle bend, by way of reducing his altitude to the level of common-place understandings. He should be exceedingly cautious how he frowns, lest it should be misconstrued into contempt; nor can he be too particular in the indulgence of a laugh, lest it should be mistaken for derision. He may accept any invitation to dinner, and is never expected to return the compliment; nay, he may pop into any family where he has the least footing without hesitation and take pot-luck, and charity prescribes the necessity of their pressing him to stay.

He must never think of being witty before the second bottle, and must always be ready with a good joke, cut and dried, to suit the humour of his company, to defend his host with, or amuse the family party. Every thing he says will be sure of applause as coming from an author, and above all he must *endeavour* to be egotistical. If he should lack wit, and be without conversational talents, no

unusual things for a modern to want, he need not be uneasy, if he can only manage to pass for an eccentric, and then his excessive stupidity will be placed to the account of his deep study and total abstraction. He should on no account shave oftener than once a week, because a long beard may be considered a mark of singularity inseparable from original genius. He must never think of paying his debts: first, because such a practice is wholly unprecedented, and would ruin the whole profession by example; secondly, because if any one has trusted him he may be sure they did so from motives of charity, and without hope of payment; or thirdly, if any one has been mad enough to indulge in such a chimerical expectation, his folly deserves correction. His residence should be in the attic of some old fashioned building, where in times past a celebrated poet was starved to death, or some distinguished literary character has since committed suicide. His furniture should be a truckle bedstead, with a flock mattress, and an old great coat for a coverlid; his couch or settee formed by the side or end of it; his box, for if he has no wardrobe to fill it with, he still should have a box, to give him consequence with his landlady, and serve the double purpose of shutting out prying curiosity from his papers, and forming a writing desk by his bedside. In writing he should be ambidextrous, and in catching an idea, or a passing thought, jump instantly out of bed, and commit the subject to paper on the inspiration of the moment (*see*

vignette). If he is ever imprisoned for debt, he should attribute such an occurrence, not to any wild hope of enforcing payment, but merely as a friendly act, done in the idea that seclusion from the world may correct his idleness, better his fortunes, and afford him at once the opportunity and incitement to pursue his labours. If he has not tasted of all these, ay, and ten times more miseries than are here related, then is he no true author.

There are a set of dull, heavy, leaden-headed college mechanics, who having served an apprenticeship to the art of translating the classic languages, as they are called, lard their conversation with a succession of misplaced quotation, in monkish Greek or Latin, in the hope of passing for authors. Now be it known, we utterly reject any such pedantic persons, and any such claims to the rights and privileges of genius, or the delightful sensations of the miseries of authorcraft.



A THOUGHT.



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Point ii.

MISERIES OF THE MIND.

Mysterious source, and seat of sense,
Whence all our whimsies spring,
I now presume, with bold pretence,
Thy energies to sing.

* * * * *

Thy nervous influence alone
The zest, the pleasure gives,
And Painting's tint, and Music's tone,
From thee its charm receives.
But ah! if Melancholy's clouds
Obscure the mental sun—
If round thy seat distemper'd crowds
Of wild conceptions run;
Then Genius, Judgment, Fancy, sink
In the tremendous gloom,
And Madness rends each social link,
Regardless of her doom!

Ode to the Brain.

PASSIO HYPOCHONDRIACA.

THE BLUE DEVILS, MEGRIMS, MULLIGRUBS, CRINKUM
CRANKUMS, VISIONARIES, BANTIPOLES, WHIMZIES, THE
MAGGOT, &c. &c.

CARE, (says Hyginus) crossing a dangerous brook, collected a mass of the dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being, which Jupiter touched with ethereal fire and warmed into anima-

mation; but being at a loss what name to give this new production, and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to the arbitration of Saturn, who decreed that his name should be MAN, *homo ab humo*, from the dirt of which he had been made; that Care should entirely possess his mind while living; that *Tellus*, or the Earth, should receive his body when dead; and that *Jupiter* should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was man made the property of Care from his original formation; and Discontent, the offspring of Care, has ever since been his inseparable companion; even from the time when he awakens from his swaddling imprisonment, and no longer lies "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;" when

" Young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
He cuts his cable, launches through the world,
And fondly dreams each wind and star his friend;
Amidst a multitude of artful hands
He's ruin's sure perquisite and lawful prize."

The world is a labyrinth of errors, a den of knaves and cheats, an adverse ocean, in which if we fortunately escape the jaws of *Scylla*, we are sure to fall into those of *Charybdis*:

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

Thus reasons my friend SEJANUS SENTIMENT, lolling in the soft luxury of an easy chair, surrounded by every earthly comfort, revelling in a profusion of wealth, and

sated with all the delicacies which the most luscious banquet can afford—Yet, hold—not *every earthly comfort*—for he is a bachelor, a poor solitary lost mutton, an isolated being in a crowd, oppressed with more cares than ever fell to the lot of poverty, a true picture of splendid misery, a moping misanthrope, failing in great nature's sovereign law, and disregardful of his father's good example. Rich as Croesus, and yet poor as beggary can make him, wanting the inspiring love, affection, and delight which spring from the fountain of all earthly bliss—dear, adorable, enchanting woman.

“ For while in heaps his ample wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd ;
There's *something* wanting still to make him bless'd.”

RALPH RATTLE was in early life the most pleasant, facetious, mellow-hearted fellow that ever yielded the brilliant flash of wit's merriment, or “set the table in a roar.” Ralph is now five and thirty, in the very prime of life, a widower, without encumbrance, in the enjoyment of apparent good health, easy in circumstances, and beloved by a large circle of friends ; but having unfortunately read Abernethy on Indigestion, and some other authors on plethoric affections, Ralph has imbibed an opinion that he is growing too fat, that he has a termination of blood to the head, and that he shall die suddenly of apoplexy ; all of which evils although he is perfectly free from, he can describe the sensations of accurately (such is the force of

imagination), and he is now undergoing a course of alterative medicine, which has already reduced him from a portly round-faced gentleman of sixteen stone, to a lank-cheek, cadaverous, hollow-eyed skeleton of ten : this has of course produced nervous debility, and the consequent train of agitations. The tremulous sensations of the affection are by him construed into so many increasing symptoms of fancied disease, nor can the combined skill of the most eminent physicians free his mind of the oppressive infatuation. From being a two-bottle man, he now limits himself to two glasses ; and instead of being eternally engaged in a series of pleasant entertainments and agreeable society, he is turned hermit, sees no one, if he can possibly avoid them, and refuses all invitations either to public or private amusements. But what appears the strangest feature in this species of misery, is the ability with which he reasons on his malady, whenever the subject can be made applicable to any other person ; for example, the hyp (says Ralph) is, of all diseases, whether chronic or acute, the most terrible. “ Every man will of course insist that his own peculiar malady is the most heinous, and he the most exemplary sufferer. I have heard maintained as worse—the headache, tooth-ache, fever, dislocation, rheumatism, asthma—I have had them all, and deny the assertions. Taken with its huge train of evils, which besiege and vanquish the body and mind at once, there is nothing (that I know of) which at all approaches the ter-

rible 'Passio Hypochondriaca.' It is the curse of the poet—of the wit;—it is the great tax upon intellect—the bar to prosperity and renown. Other ills come and pass away; they have their paroxysms, their minutes or hours of tyranny, and vanish as shadows of empty dreams. But this is with you *for ever*. The phantom of fear is always about you. You feel it in the day at every turn; and at night you see it illuminated and made terrible, in a million fantastic shapes. Like the hag of the Merchant Abudah, it comes for ever with the night, in one shape or another—devil, or giant, or hideous chimera; or it is an earthquake or a fiery flood—or a serpent twining you in its loathsome folds—or it sits in your heart like an incubus, and presses you down to ruin."

The HYP, says the facetious VITULUS AUREUS, is a pericranial distemper, proceeding from certain gloomy clouds abounding in the imaginary faculty, which flying up to the region of the judicial, offuscate the rays of reason, and cast such a damp on them, they can't exert themselves with any steady equality in the conduct of our lives. Hence appear so many exotic sallies and variety of temper in the same individual, that an April day has not more vicissitudes of heat and cold, light and darkness, raining or shining, than you will find in persons labouring under this distemper. And as the clouds and fogs arising from the earth overshadow the rays of the sun, and by reflections and refractions of light produce the most astonishing ap-

pearances, to the great terror of observers; then in a moment melt into airy nothings, leaving the firmament as calm and serene as if nothing had happened;—just so the hypochondriacal clouds, by the interception and refraction of the rays of the intellectual sun, appear to the disturbed imagination of the hyppish man, and in as great a variety of shapes; and create those effects which disturb themselves and friends. As there are many different species of the hyp, I shall endeavour to state them separately.

THE PLAIN WHIM, OR MAGGOT.

TOM PERRIWINKLE is a diverting fellow enough when he is kept within bounds, and his conversation is both sparkling and witty. Every thing Tom does must be out of the common road, and in opposition to the rest of mankind, whether it be in equipage, diet, dress, hours of rest, diversions, or what not. Tom is always singular to show his superlative taste, and excite the attention of the *beau monde*; he is a fantastical oddity, and mistakes this whimsical humour of his for independence of mind; and yet it must be admitted he is the most entertaining company imaginable when his wit sparkles through the hyppish clouds, like the sun when it breaks through the golden edged veils of the gray-eyed morning, and gives to nature a lustre indescribable.

THE MULLIGRUBS OR SULLENS.

FRANK FREAKISH labours under the worst symptoms of this species; that is, ever since he has become a man of property: formerly, he was goodnatured, easy, affable, and entertaining; but now you may perceive him select a gloomy corner of the room, bury himself in a huge arm-chair, with his head sunk in the collar of his coat, and swell, and sigh, and groan, as if he was in perfect agony. If any one addresses him, they are sure to meet some crabbed, testy, sour answer, and nothing offends him more than pity. His spirit seems so clogged as to be incapable of life or motion, and yet at the same time his imagination is so quick, that he will take fire at the least touch; positive and exceptionous to the last degree; prodigious tender of affronts, with a happy knack of twisting every thing to the worst sense; his every thought appears to hang upon the tenter-hooks of imaginary insult. Haughty and punctilious to an extravagant nicety, Frank Freakish, unless during some lucid intervals, has become a morose whimsical humourist, so self-conceited and haughty as to be scarce fit for human society, and a perpetual pain to all those who hold converse with him.

THE VISIONARIES.

DICK RESTLESS is a being of this description—a poet, a man of fine feeling, a wit, and I might add a philosopher;

and yet with all these qualifications Dick is a visionary, a nervous hypochondriac, whose life is a burthen to himself: yet in society he contrives so to disguise his real feelings, to pass with the world for one of the most cheerful, witty, pleasant fellows that ever existed. I have known him rise suddenly from table, when the company were convulsed with laughter at one of his well-told tales of humour, complain of a sudden headache, or some such chimera of the brain, order his coach, and retire to his chamber, to indulge in a train of melancholy musings, which for a time overcloud his reason, and divest him of his natural character. Dick is an author of some repute, and in that highly esteemed magazine "the London," published by Taylor and Hessey, has given an admirable description of the progress of this dreadful malady. The article is much too long for this work, but I cannot resist making some extracts*.

"The fact is," (says Dick) "that men of wit are melancholy, and melancholy is the consequence, and not the cause. It is the collapse of the spirit, which, in the proportion that it is bright in its exertion, is, perhaps, dull in its decline. It is the abyss into which the soaring imagination falls,—the turbulent Icarian water. Thinking is

* To the writer of "the Memoir of a Hypochondriac" I certainly owe some apology for the freedom I have taken with his admirable essay; it was too valuable and illustrative of my subject to escape notice.

bad for the body, whatever it may be for the soul. It is wonderful what quick and violent sympathy there exists between the stomach and the brain. I have felt (when in bad health) an instantaneous sickness from trying to make out a position, or recollect a fact. And, *vice versâ*, I have turned dizzy and blind in a moment, from the effect of a spasm on the organs of digestion. Thus the head operates on the stomach, and the stomach on the nerves; and so it is that our laughing is turned to tears, and the honey of the world is mixed with gall: our very jests are bitter, and our mirth has a sadness in it that seems to mock its name. About the time I became a student, and sat up o' nights, and drank wine to inspire me in the evening, and coffee afterwards to keep me awake, it was then that I first read the learned 'Anatomy,' and made acquaintance with some of the great names which throw lustre on the book. There I saw little of the cause (or I forgot it) and less of the cure: but the disease itself stood out in full array—divided and sub-divided into many parts, hideous but alluring. I admired the learning and research of the author. I was struck by his account of strange superstitions,—the names of the sufferers, and the dignity of the spirits that oppressed them. They were creatures of darkness, or air,—more real than the genii of Eastern story, and more sublime than the familiars which our own history of witchcraft presents. They had, in addition to this, a charm in their names, like those introduced in the poetry of Milton.

“ And now it was that the seeds were sown of that malady which has never left me. I read late at night, often in the cold, and often rose with but little sleep; sometimes with none, weak, melancholy, and unrefreshed. Oh! it is bad to perplex the willing head with any difficulty at the hour of rest. The excitement of the brain is doubly strong after the labours of a day. It is like the ‘one glass more:’ you were well enough before, but that ‘one’ has stupified and destroyed you. But few (students) know where to stop. Like the impetus of a wheel driven on by some mechanical power, they are impelled by the fire of their own desires,—by their ambition,—their love of wealth or fame. Some indeed, tamer and less aspiring,—and others (the few) who can rein in their passions, and reduce those mad allies of the intellect to reason and good order, may go on and excel without having suffered; but the enthusiasts never.”

Children of genius! ye who have tasted of the waters of Helicon, or before the midnight lamp have consumed in study the hours destined for repose,—ye inspired few, who prefer the fame of the author or the poet to the more substantial wealth and robust health which springs from the pursuits of commerce,—which of ye have not felt, in all its varieties, the miseries here so ably depicted, and yet who among ye would resign his claim to the wreath of genius, on the condition of being freed from all the attendant train of imaginary evils?—None—for

“ There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.”

Fear—the first, and certainly the most general consequence of a melancholy disposition, arising from an excess of study—is finely described in the following remarks from the same pen.

“ The change from serious study to more serious amusement had lasted some months, when I found that my hands trembled and my spirit quailed before the most ordinary accidents,—a strange face, the clapping of a door, a thunder storm, an ill-natured remark,—all affected me as they had never done before. Above all things, I hated darkness, or extreme silence, or solitude :—for then the vapours of the mind arose, cloud after cloud ; and at night dreams crowded upon me, fantastic, horrible, impossible ; sometimes relieved by gentler aspects,

‘ Nymphs of Diana’s train and Naiades ;’

but oftener filled by sublimer terrors. Features of hell or darkness came shining or flickering upon me,—sometimes half-hidden by deep shadows and indistinct, like Rembrandt’s pictured visions ; or staring, gasping, mimicking,—or dead. I read Milton, and Pandæmonium opened all its red gates for me ; the fiery waters hissed and were agitated,—the brazen columns shook, and devils bowed down before me. I read of storms and tempests, and, behold, the sea laid bare its dominions : the waters opened,

and the slimy creatures of the deep came forth, with their large rayless eyes, howling and staring. I was left alone by the side of the hungry advancing ocean. I was washed down and overwhelmed,—stifled, destroyed. Then came changes upon me of shape and of spirit. I was a beast hunted and driven to death. I have been trod down with the worms. I have been a bird maimed and torn to pieces by hounds and eagles:—or I have been a murderer and a tyrant, without feeling, or happiness, or remorse: pleasure and pain fled me, like the waters from the lip of Tantalus; and the cold marble apathy which followed, like a palsy of the soul, was worse and more frightful than all.”

The dream is in equally fine poetic feeling, and the impression made upon a sensitive mind, by reflections on the unhappy end of a great and estimable man, is pathetically touching, and shows the force of imagination in its strongest colours—“ But,” (says the ingenious writer) “ I repeat, it is in vain that I try to paint and make visible these horrors to you. They existed only in my imagination:—My imagination! Why, that is as real as the sun, as light, or sound, or substance: it is an integral part of our nature, like a taste or a touch. And yet men will tell you in common speech that all this was ‘ nothing,’ but ‘ merely fancy.’ What then is death?—Is *that* a fancy? or is it

‘ A sleep and a forgetting?’

or what?—That ‘ ditch which is to grave us all,’—that chasm between ‘ the past’ and ‘ the to come,’ which all

dread to overstep, because no one knows its breadth or its soundings,—what is it?—Oh! that we could exorcise—(still I dare to say this)—that we could exorcise the dead, and call up whomsoever we chose, pale poet or grave-eyed philosopher, to answer us! But they are lying cold, with the riddle perhaps still unsolved; or, if known to them, their joints cannot yet relax and bear them hither again to startle either our admiration or despair. The companions of Plato are gone, and the men of yesterday—

————— ‘ That in
The morning promised many years; but Death
Hath in few hours made them as stiff, as all
The winds and winter had thrown cold upon them,
And whisper’d them to marble.’ ”

The Visionary is a being of another world, whose mind is at times filled with the most delightful prospects that a lively imagination can invent: one moment he is all hilarity, and wit, and sparkling brilliancy; or he is sunken into the lowest depths of despondency—dull, spiritless, woe begone, chimerical, and terrified. There is no medium in his composition;—he is on the very pinnacle of happiness, all life, and gaiety, and good-humour; or he is lost in a labyrinth of gloomy thoughtfulness,—morose, sullen, and discontented—

“ Great wits to madmen nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

THE RANTIPOLES, OR ALTITUDES.

*“ Their conduct, like a sick man’s dreams,
Is form’d of vanity and whims.”*

The Rantipoles are not so frequent as many other species of the hyp; but they are equally common to the feminine as well as to the masculine gender. The Hon. Mrs. Whimzy is at times dreadfully afflicted with this species of the disease. The symptoms are—cloudy looks, swelled cheeks, red eyes, with an occasional hysteric affection, a fainting fit, or a flood of tears for no visible reason in the world; or sometimes it will burst into a storm of words and actions the most preposterous, till it destroys itself by its own violence. The face of the ocean is not more variable than her temper, nor half so boisterous. You will find her in ten thousand minds in a day’s time, and all in extremes. If she is in mirthful mood, it will be on the high rant, a sort of laughing madness, overpowering and turbulent, but with some little wit and a great deal of vivacity. If, on the contrary, she is in one of her rantipole humours, the tempest rages against all who may come in her way; servants, friends, husband, house, and all will be borne down by her furious transports. Nothing in nature can be conceived more extravagant than a display of this species of the distemper, and

yet there is nothing more common. All your young rakish fellows, and old ones too, who commit ten thousand eccentricities, because it is their humour, are more or less affected with this distemper. The world abounds with examples, not only of mad wild fellows whose lives are nothing but rant and rattle, as if they were born in a hurricane, but of men of more advanced years, chiefly of figure and fortune, whose lives are distinguished by the high freak, till the heat of the blood boils over, when they sink into the most humorsome hyppish creatures in the world.

“Stretch’d on his back a mighty lubbard lay
Heaving his sides”——

A son of Spleen, in hypochondriac fit,
Struggling with fumes of indigested food,
Who feels, or fancies, by repletion bred,
All the diseases that the spitals know.



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S DREAM.



Point iii.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING BY COACH.

EXTRACTED FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF FELIX FLEXIBLE, ESQ.

November 8.—JUST received information of the sudden death of my relative Ralph Testy, banker of Birmingham; coroner's inquest sat the same day; verdict despondency, supposed to be occasioned by hearing the news of peace; imagine he anticipated ruin by the *going off* of the gun-trade. Funeral takes place on Thursday; must be present to hear the will read; no time for mourning being made; borrowed a suit from my friend Sable the undertaker; not quite a fit; he weighs sixteen stone, and I am just jockey weight, nine stone two—MEM. look like an ass in an elephant's skin. Evening engaged in packing up portmanteau, writing letters on business, and directions for the guidance of my clerks till three next morning. Go shivering to bed; give instructions to my man servant to get breakfast ready, and call me at five; kept awake till four by the rain and hail beating against my window; no sooner asleep, but my troubled imagination represents my

old friend standing before me with the Gazette in one hand and a razor in the other—(*delightful prospect!*)—Wake in a state of nervous agitation, with a loud ringing at the bell, and the deep-mouthed note of the watchman proclaiming the half hour past five. Coach starts at a quarter before six precisely, from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane; tolerable certainty of getting no breakfast, and being too late; hurry on Sable's black suit; feel like a naked man in a sack (*a pleasant sensation in cold weather*); meet my drowsy fellow at my chamber-door, in his night-cap and stockings, just as I am sallying forth; salute him with a good, round, forcible ejaculation for oversleeping himself, and then knock him down stairs with the portmanteau; jump over both, and run as fast as my legs can carry me down the City-road, leaving him to follow; overthrow two or three guardians of the night in my way, who are *toddlings* home to finish their nap. Saluted by the sound of rattles, and suspected of housebreaking; a regular chase between me and the *Charleys* all the way to Lad-lane. Coach gone about—one minute and a half by the book-keeper's stop-watch; abused by the watchmen for not explaining what I was running for, and saving them the trouble of following me. My servant arrives out of breath, and both him and my portmanteau are covered with mud from a roll in the kennel; get into a hackney night-coach; promise an extra fee to drive fast to the White Horse Cellar; find his horses have but one pace, i. e.

two miles an hour. Saluted by a dreadful effluvia; lift up the cushions and seat from curiosity, and find the body of an infant freshly disinterred; feel myself in a pleasant perturbation of mind from the apprehension of being taken up for a resurrection man; obliged to proceed, and compelled for my own security to keep the secret. Arrive at the White Horse Cellar; just catch a glimpse of the six-inside heavy Birmingham at starting; pop my head through the coach window, and hallo as if my lungs would split; find five places occupied; called a shabby fellow by the *Jarvey* of the *resurrection drag*, for not tipping him enough of the *extra* for additional speed, and grumbled at by the *heavy waggoner* for keeping his *team* on the fret. Find my person tightly wedged inside between a bloated bilberry-nosed *Brummagem* bacchanal, and a fat frowsy furbelowed landlady, all lace and laziness. By the time we reach Knightsbridge, the jolting of the coach over the stones has pleasantly deposited me in a creek between these two mountains of flesh; atmosphere at least six degrees above natural temperature, and now and then *the air not over pure*. In the opposite corner, on the right hand, sits a loquacious old woman, proceeding on a visit to her son, who has just married a Birmingham heiress in the brass line; her first expedition from Cockney land; never travelled farther before than Primrose Hill one way, and Richmond Park the other; fancies every motion of the coach an

spot, much disappointed on discovering the mistake,—no fractures, except wooden ones. Ate a hearty breakfast while the coach was repairing, and laughed at the recollection of the Cockney lady's raspberry brains.—MEM. To recommend this to Kemble as a good stage-trick when he plays Macbeth, or any other murderer. Obligated to drive *unicorn* from this one stage, a horse being lame; came in contact with a drove of cattle, nearly run over a sheep; drover very abusive, coachee very fightable; after ten minutes of wordy war, all ended in smoke; coachee a *bang-up* fellow, drover a *dung*. Dissertation on the heinous sin of boxing by the Rev. Peter Pious; Brummagem (with a wink) thought it better than *backbiting*, and I defended it as national, and exciting true courage; the ladies (with the exception of the Cockney female) gave it against us; dropt the subject—MEM. A methodist parson and two old women a match for the devil. Level roads, *all right* to Henley, except an occasional solo from the nasal organ of Brummagem, loud enough to split the roof, and heart-rending sighs and moans from the old maid for the departed Pompey. Stole a kiss at parting of the pretty servant girl at the inn who was waiting, and observed her master had been watching me through the window; saluted him on gaining the door with "Good *sporting* country this?"—"Yes, sir, pretty well, if it wasn't for *poachers*." Good hit that for a bumpkin; wouldn't take it

to myself though. Found all the village assembled round the coach, to stare at the *classical* gentleman with the *iron-embellishments*; remonstrated with coachee for carrying convicts, and was told that a stage-coach was "open to all parties, and influenced by none." Started again, off-wheeler a *mill*, sixteen pulls up in a quarter of a mile, to tighten kicking straps, and alter the bearing reins; contrived to move on pretty briskly within five miles of Oxford, when going down hill, the traces loose, no breechings, the *mill* made a desperate plunge, got over the splinter-bar, and struck away against the coach with her hind legs like two sledge hammers; broke the pannels into shivers before it could be extricated. Found myself under old Brummagem, the fat landlady, and two or three more, in the mud by the road side, having tumbled out of the coach-door in our hurry to escape being kicked to death. Coach a complete wreck; rain falling in torrents; clay roads, ankle deep; no resource but tramping to Oxford; took Mrs. Squelch under my protection, left Brummagem to waddle along with the fat landlady, the rear being brought up by Peter Pious and the old maid, with all the outsides, like so many moving *mud obelisks*. Entered Oxford in this state, well drenched with rain, and got gloriously quizzed by the gownsmen, who assembled in groups to amuse themselves with the *lions*. The old maid was soon claimed by her brother, a master of arts, just such another

curiosity as herself. Our coach not known at the Angel, therefore wouldn't take us in; had the felicity of walking through the city to the Star, in Farfax, before we could get shelter, exposed all the way to the jeering side-winded jokes of the Oxonians, and the impertinent curiosity of the town *raff*. Shown into a dirty, cold room, with not more than three ounces of coals in the grate, and not above one out of the three lighted; rung for bellows, and soon contrived to fill the room with smoke. Took a survey of the dinner table; all the hot dishes eaten up by the lawyers, it being the assizes, and the coach a full hour beyond time; a collection of stale scrags and cut down joints, decorated with slices of cold carrots and fresh parsley, and a sprinkle of pickles. Just obtained a warm mutton chop and some *water* and brandy, when coachee made his appearance with—"Time's up, gemmen; hope you'll remember the coachman; I leave you here." Thank God, thought I, for we've had nothing but ill luck with you. "Only a shilling for fifty-eight mile! a few such customers as you and my horses would want whipcord." Compelled to proceed before I've half finished, or be left behind. Reinstated in coach, took care to occupy the situation vacated by the spinster lady; my old birth filled up by a serjeant's wife and a squalling infant; windows all closed up, to *keep out* the rain, and *keep in whatever else* may happen. Country very gloomy, and trees leafless; ground

covered with rotten snow. Mrs. Squelch did me the honour to inquire how the poor dear wood nymphs and satyrs, of whom she had read in Pope and other poets, contrived to live in winter. Brummagem broke into a horse laugh, and I humoured the joke by informing her that they caught them in nets, and sent them to shelter in a straw-yard. The fat landlady chuckled with delight, the serjeant's wife stared with astonishment, Peter Pious turned up the whites of his eyes at the heinous romance, and Mrs. Squelch, the unsuspecting Cockney, believed every word. Horses off at full gallop, to make up for lost time; coachman evidently well primed with Hodges's patent anti-attribution; two to one against another break down or an upset; escaped both; *nil desperandum*. Arrived in Birmingham just two hours after the usual time; met the funeral of my departed friend Testy coming down the Bull-ring as we were proceeding upwards; jumped out in a hurry, when the coach stopped, and sprained my ankle. Unable to reach the churchyard, but contrived to meet the mourners on their return, when I had the felicity of hearing the deceased had died *intestate*, and the crown would, in consequence, take his whole property, amounting to thirty thousand pounds. Returned to the inn *seriously affected*; ordered a rump-steak and oyster-sauce for supper; changed Sable's wet suit of black for a dry suit of true blue; drank two bottles of the best black strap,

smoked six segars, bid adieu to care, and resolved never to anticipate a legacy, or travel in a stage-coach on a funeral expedition again as long as I live.

MEM. On reading this carefully over since it was in print, find I have omitted one hundred and one minor miseries which occurred on the same journey.

In the dog-days, fat or lean,
With six inside have you been,
Windows up, and tightly cramm'd,
Between two flesh mountains jamm'd ;
Not a breath of air that's pure—
Sick and young, and rich and poor :
" Trav'lers strange things feel and see,"
But *this*, the worst of misery.



A SIX INSIDE.



Point iv.

MISERIES IN A LONDON LODGING-HOUSE.

LETTER I.

FROM MARCUS MERRYWEATHER, L.L.B.

TO TIMOTHY TRANSIT, ESQ.

DEAR TIM,

You express a wish to know how I am situated in this great metropolis. Thus it is then. I have taken up my residence in a two-pair of stairs back-room, in a Lodging-house, situate No. —, in Surrey-street, Strand, kept by Mrs. Amelia Sociable, a widowed lady, of whom more anon. The prospect of the adjacent hills is delightful, and the silvery Thames runs under my window, which overlooks the *craft—y* concerns of Simon Shortsack, an extensive dealer in *black diamonds*, whom you must remember to have met, when last in town, at the Brilliants; a spruce, little, dapper gentleman, with a great *penchant* for pugilism, the patron of Tom Crib and the Nonpareil Randal, who often takes the chair at Tom Belcher's for a

*millin*g dinner, or presides over the choice spirits at the Coal-Hole—But hold—enough of Simon Shortsack (who, from being so near me, I could not pass by without notice): and now to put you in full possession of all the miseries, mortifications, and varieties attendant upon a residence in a London lodging-house.

Imprimis—There is the *jolie dame* of the establishment, no mean attraction, Tim, I assure you. Imagine a fine formed, blooming, black-eyed, raven-locked, plump-and-pleasant-faced female, of about thirty-five, with an arch inquisitive character of countenance, encircled by the crinkum crankums of widowhood, like a beauty of the court of Charles the Second, ruffed, ruffled, and laced by the florid pencil of Vandyke; and then when she speaks, or laughs, she displays such a *box of ivory*, pearly white and regular, guarded by a pair of vermillion-coloured lips, formed like Cupid's bows, which appear to expand and contract from the most bewitching dimples, placed in the centre of soft round cheeks, delicately heightened by the mildest blush of healthful nature; young, gay, and thoughtless, with spirits buoyant as the summer breeze, and a heart free from the corroding touch of care. It was not long before I had successfully obtained the good opinion of my hostess, whose departed lord had, I found, been consigned to his resting-place above three months, time enough of all conscience for a young wife to have worn the sable habiliments of woe for an old fellow of

eighty-five. If I am upon good terms with the mistress, the interchange of certain little amorous glances with the rosy-cheeked goddess of the kitchen, when she brings in my breakfast, or sets my tea or coffee equipage, has convinced me that I have made some progress in that quarter, if not in the way of affectionate attachment, at least in that species of harmless coquetry (purely platonic), in which two pair of giddy eyes and thoughtless hearts are very apt to indulge, from a reciprocity of natural feeling. All this you will guess contributes essentially to my comforts as far as regards attention. But here, alas! Tim, my miseries begin. I seldom retire to rest before two, and have scarce closed my eyes, and dropt into a refreshing, balmy sleep, when I am roused by the lightermen and coal-heavers on Simon Shortsack's wharf, who work according to the tides, and make more noise than work in floating the *craft*, filling sacks, and loading waggons. In the morning, early, succeeds the shrill, plaintive note of the poor sweep, piercing through every key-hole and cranny, startling humanity with his piteous howl. Then follows the ringing of bells; often the lazy servant's warning to rise—of "Milk, my pretty maids, below." And now begins the bustle of the morn within doors:—Kitty Fry industriously running up and down from the cellar to the attic, raking and lighting of fires, in a thick pair of clog-shoes, and Mrs. Sociable exercising her throat by calling Kitty, from the kitchen-stairs;—then, too, the wary dun, with a cautious, single,

but determined rap, assaults the street-door, while Kitty, true to her task, puts him off with "Out of town;"—then boots and baker, butcher and the Jew, are severally heard to make their morning call;—and thus between each short doze, every five minutes you are disturbed by some new tormentor, till Kitty knocks at your door with "Sir, it's nine o'clock, and breakfast waits." And now, Tim, for a picture of my breakfast table, the very reverse of the inviting *spread*, or *dejeune à la fourchette*, at the old Devonshire manor-house. The equipage is the production of Messrs. Flight and Barr, and was once elegant; but having quitted its first owner under circumstances of severe distress, was knocked down by the auctioneer to Mrs. Amelia Sociable, with all faults, at a fifteenth part of the original cost; since when it has undergone certain other mutilations, rivetings, and patchings, that it might now with justice be called the invalid breakfast *suite*: for example, the tea-pot has a tin spout annexed, and a broken lid; the sugar-basin is pieced with white lead; the coffee cups with the stumps of handles sticking out; the slop-basin riveted in three places; not a single tea-cup but what has received a chip, crack, or scar; the bread and butter plate (a substitute) is of genuine delf; and the milk-ewer has the upper part of the handle left, but wants a spout. To one who has an utter aversion to spliced crockery, or cracked finery, this is tormenting enough; but what renders it more provoking is, the pains Mrs. Sociable takes

to let me know that I am favoured by the use of her *best* china; that the dragon pattern is used by the king, and that it cost originally twenty pounds. Ralph Rattle did me the honour of a call the other morning; and after quizzing the hostess and the maid in his usual impudent manner, commenced a criticism on the furniture in my apartment, and ended with a facetious attack on the dragon *suite*, which he humorously called a choice collection of articles of *virtù*, and actually recommended Mrs. Sociable, if she wished to immortalize herself, to send them to the British Museum as unique curiosities, worthy of equal care and preservation with the Elgin marbles. But to return to the breakfast table. For Turkey coffee, you have a mixture of West India trash and roasted horse-beans, sweetened, if you use brown sugar, with an amalgamation of red sand and brick-dust; or if lump, with bullock's blood and other deleterious ingredients. For tea, whether called Hyson, Souchong, or Bohea, you undergo the danger of poisoning by drinking a decoction of birch and sloe leaves. The liquid here denominated milk is pure whitening and water; the bread a *healthy* union of alum, plaster of Paris, salt, and a *little* wheat; the fresh butter a fortnight old, and of a most odoriferous rank taste; Lynn shrimps from the Land's End, Cornwall; or prawns that have not tasted sea-water for six weeks. I had almost forgot the fresh water-cresses, plucked from the purling streams which meander through the deposi-

tories of filth in the neighbourhood of Battle-Bridge. I could add a few more luxuries to my list, but I think I have given you enough for a sample of a most delicious breakfast in a London lodging-house. In my next I shall endeavour to entertain you with a sketch of my fellow-lodgers, their persons, manners, and agreeable qualifications. But remember, I positively interdict the reading of these letters to any of my relations or friends: in acceding to your request for information, I do not wish to be laughed at for ever by all my acquaintance.

Yours truly,

MARCUS MERRYWEATHER.

LETTER II.

FROM MARCUS MERRYWEATHER, L.L.B.

TO TIMOTHY TRANSIT, ESQ.

DEAR TIM,

In my first I informed you my apartment was the back-room on the second floor. For some time after I came to reside here, I could not conceive the meaning of the strange noise over my head; first a soft, and then a hard knock; stump—stump,—continued in a transverse direction the whole of the morning. Kitty thought it was the gentleman overhead moving his chair, or stirring his fire;

the minx, I found, could suggest any thing but the right cause. A circumstance, however, soon occurred which let me at once into the secret: the gentleman incautiously leaning over the balusters a little too far, to bid a friend good morning, missed his footing, and was precipitated down the first flight of stairs plump against my chamber-door. "I've broke my leg!" was the first exclamation I heard after the tumult, occasioned by the fall, had subsided. Instantly my door was opened, when, judge my surprise, the poor gentleman was resting on the arms of Mrs. Sociable and Kitty, who had instantly flown to his assistance, with part of his fractured limb in his hand. The mystery of the strange sounds was solved in a moment—(*see vignette*)—He had a wooden leg, and, as I have since learned, was an unfortunate son of Thespis, who had once been an eminent tragedian on the metropolitan boards, but was incapacitated from following his profession by accidentally treading on a piece of orange-peel, thrown upon the stage from the gallery, by which means he broke the principal sinew of the leg, and was obliged to suffer amputation. To obtain a living he taught elocution, and prepared young aspirants for dramatic fame, by instructing them in the necessary attention to attitude and situation; and while thus engaged, kept up a strange clatter over my head. If I had been annoyed and puzzled to discover the secret of the sounds over my head, I was no less troubled for some time to ascertain the meaning of certain dreadful

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groanings and discordant noises from beneath : these I at length found proceeded from a young gentleman who filled a situation in a public office, which only engages him from ten till two ; the remaining part of the day, before dinner (for he is too fashionable to dine before six), is employed in teaching himself the violoncello, and startling the whole house with his discordant strains—very suitable companions these, you will exclaim, for a studious man. The apartment adjoining the wooden-legged actor is inhabited by *une fringant friponeau*, a *marchand de mode à Paris*, of the *highest* repute—for she inhabits the attic. This lady, with her attendant *jeunes filles*, or nymphs of fashion, warble most melodiously the whole day long, and set their chamber-door wide open, that every one else in the house may have the benefit of their mellifluous throats. Nor is this the worst I have to complain of ; for the wicked little rogues, having obtained some sort of licence from my occasional winks and nods, play up every species of gambol as they ascend the stairs, poke notes under my door, or tie the handle to the balusters, or put coals into my boots, or fill the pocket of my great-coat, which hangs outside, with patchwork and muslin cuttings, so that when I unsuspectingly think I am drawing out only my pocket-handkerchief, I am laughed at for distributing the milliner's ravellings. It was but last week, when hurrying to an appointment, I found the lining of my coat sleeves stitched together, and the string taken out of my hat, so

that it fell over my eyes. But "by my manhood," as Falstaff says, I'll be revenged on some of them shortly. The front parlour has the important letters of—*Office*—on the door, and is rented by some pettifogging practitioner of the law, who lives out of town for cheapness, or to escape the constant revilings of his unfortunate clients. From eleven till five, his hours of business, except in term time, you may always perceive four or five suspicious looking persons lingering about the street-door, waiting for an audience with Mr. Shark: a physiognomist might find a continued source of amusement in watching the operations of anxiety, fear, disappointment, poverty, and revenge, which are strongly marked in all their varied characters on Shark's clients, who are for the greater part below mediocrity. A most amusing scene takes place when the Buck in the first floor reels home, ripe with the juice of the grape, which is generally five nights out of the six; on these occasions, after an amorous parley with Kitty or the widow, and being safely deposited in his bed-room, he will again sally forth in quest of the little French milliner above me, who, preferring a *tête-à-tête* with the wooden-legged actor, very unceremoniously repulses him, and requires the assistance of the son of Thespis and Mrs. Sociable's interference, when the gallant is again driven back to his own apartments, where he manages to keep up the disturbance by bawling out bad Italian, or scraping and groaning on his violoncello till he falls asleep upon the

carpet, and is carried by Mrs. Sociable and Kitty to bed. I have now, Tim, given you a tolerable specimen of a few of the miseries of a London Lodging-house, to say nothing of the frequent impositions in the over-charges for necessaries, and the nibbling practices pursued with your sugar, tea, butter, wine, or indeed any thing that is worthy of the landlord's attention.

Yours &c.

MARCUS MERRYWEATHER.



THE FRACTURE.



Point b.

MISERIES OF LOVE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE LAMENTATIONS OF BARNABY SINGLESIDES.

———" Since first the vital spark
Awak'd the human breast, and man arose
To conscious being, the fair female form
Dazzled his eye, and through his panting breast
Shot beauty's ray."

" Life is like a bottle of wine, intoxicating, but transient; and Love is like the devilled biscuits and anchovy sandwiches, that give an artificial zest thereto."

" WHAT a monster this man must be!" said Lady Mary Dashwood, leaning on the arm of her enamoured lord, while viewing and admiring the tasteful arrangement of my own pleasure grounds; " never in love, never decidedly attached to any fascinating fair—is it possible? thirty-five, and never smitten—a perfect misanthrope—a wild man of the woods—Oh! how I should like to bring him within the influence of the all-conquering seraph host at Almack's, who, like the houris of the East, lead the imagination captive with delight. I warrant me the creature (if he is

human) would not be able to withstand such a coruscation of beauty, and the witchery of so many brilliant eyes sparkling with unutterable pleasures. It is really provoking, and worthy the most serious attention of you Solons of the land, to see a tolerable looking, personable man, in the possession of every thing that could make a fine woman happy, leading a life of celibacy, and wasting his youth and prime in solitude and singleness. If I was in parliament, I would propose that every bachelor above thirty should resign half his fortune for the provision of neglected spinsters.”—“And I would second the motion, Lady Mary,” said I, popping my head over a low shrubbery, which divided the paths between us. “Bravo!” said Lord Dashwood, “carried *nemine contradicente*.” “Oh, you brute!” said the fascinating female philosopher, with an arch playfulness of manner that rendered even satire captivating, “we were just considering your unhappy state, and I’ll wager the cost of my new drawing-room robe that you have overheard every word of it. Do, for heaven’s sake, *Barney*, give up this monastic, secluded sort of life, and become a reasonable creature. Look at Dashwood here; why he was just such another rich, unhappy, miserable, hyppish fellow, till I took pity on him, merely to prevent his destroying himself in a state of single despondency, and thus have left a stain upon the family escutcheon. It is wonderful the improvement marriage makes upon some of your species, while ours, like suffering angels,

have generally the satisfaction of bearing all the load of misery they are destined to remove.

————— ‘ Whatever warms the breast
With noble purpose, what informs the heart
To melt, and moulds it into social man,
Is Beauty’s power.’ ”

“ By mine honour, well quoted,” said his lordship. “ Your advice to bachelors, Lady Mary, should be printed in letters of gold, and displayed in all public places, for the benefit of the unfortunate gentlemen.”—“ Ay, and all inquiries for further particulars might be referred to you, Dashwood.”—“ With one exception,” said Lord D., “ you know I am ‘ bound not to disclose the secrets of my prison-house.’ ”—“ And if you did, sir, you would only add force to woman’s charm,” said the witty reasoner ; “ for

‘ Hers is the boast unrivall’d to enslave
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave.’ ”

“ You perceive, *Barney*,” said his lordship, “ however potent my arguments may be with the lords spiritual and temporal, they have but little weight when opposed to the magical influence of bright eyes, or the irresistible imagery and brilliant metaphors of female wit.

‘ Sweet words the people and the senate move ;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.’ ”

“ You do me wrong, Lady Mary,” said I ; “ there is no man more sensible of his forlorn state, or more desirous of

altering his condition, if it could be happily done;—fain would I, if *that* were possible, make one of the number who

‘Once ere they die taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife;’

but, alas! I believe I am doomed to misery. Hitherto my fondness for the sports of the field and the chase have occupied my chief attention; and, as I have no town residence, I have scarcely ever resided in the metropolis for any length of time. A complete bird of passage, I have made an occasional appearance in the court of fashion; but have felt myself so awkwardly conspicuous, from my rustic habits and want of the true polish, that I have been very glad to hurry back to my sequestered groves and green lanes, to escape the mortification of being quizzed, both by strangers and friends. Here, except at the race-ball, where I have sometimes the honour of being elected steward, I seldom meet more of the female world than the rector's lady and her starch prudes of daughters, who never allow their frigid countenances to smile; or the ancient Miss Winkleman, my near neighbour, a rich maiden tabby of sixty-five; or old Mrs. Glumdastoff, the wife of the lord of the manor, a naturalized Dutch Jew; or, on a Sunday at the parish-church, the little red-cloaked rustics of the village, dropping their pretty blue eyes upon their bosoms, and stealing along the aisle, as if fearful of seeing or being seen. Yet I have made some attempts; and, for

want of better occupation, or to lighten the load of grief which at times presses heavy on my heart, I have noted a few of my misfortunes in my pocket-book; and if it is only to remove your misconceived opinion of my gallantry, I will try your patience by reading them, Lady Mary, although I am sure to excite both your mirth and pity, two things, of all others, most unbearable to a susceptible mind.”

“No, proceed; I promise I will listen with attention, be secret as the grave, and serious as”—“As what?”—“Why a disappointed old bachelor. Nay more, put me in full possession of your case, and I warrant I’ll prove an excellent physician—that is, if my lord here will grant me a diploma to practise in the court of Cupid.” “Oh, certainly,” said his lordship, “with this proviso, that in all cases where my interest or honour is concerned you will remember you are specially retained.”

MEMORANDUMS DURING MY LAST VISIT IN LONDON.

Just as I was turning the corner of Bond-street into Piccadilly, saw the most elegant creature in the world before me; a perfect Venus in symmetry,—beautiful taper legs and well-turned ankle, a divine little foot, dress of the most exquisite taste (*see vignette*): followed in a strange perturbation of mind all the way to Leicester-fields, had worked myself up to the highest state of anticipatory pleasure, when, wheeling round the corner of Sidney’s-alley, contrived to

catch a glance of her countenance, when—oh, horror!—found I had been following an old hag of sixty-five, with a countenance shrunk, furrowed, and forbidding, like the head of Medusa. Turned into a pastrycook's shop to take a glass of cherry-bounce, to dispel my chagrin, made love to the pretty little girl behind the counter, tried for an intrigue, solicited an appointment, and was again disappointed, with her smart reply, "Certainly, sir, I shall not have the least objection, if *my husband has not*." Turned round, and saw the pastrycook at my shoulder; looked very foolish; made a lame attempt at compliment by way of apology, and slunk out of the shop. Strolled to the Park; saw the most bewitching pair of eyes in a carriage; ventured to attempt an ogle; thought I had made an impression; followed it up with "Do you honour the Opera to-night?" met with a most encouraging smile, received an answer in the affirmative, obtained the number of her box, and permission to pay my respects. Went home, dined and dressed in excellent spirits; thought of nothing but the angelic innocent whom I was to meet; pictured a thousand halcyon scenes of bliss; dressed with peculiar care. Took a survey of the house from the pit; saw the object of my wishes in the second tier; hastened to the happy spot; met my old college friend Ned Candour at the box-door; startled by his salutation of "Wicked dog, eh, Barney! what, paying a visit to the lady abbess and the fair nuns of Lisle-street?"—struck with astonishment;

held the door in my hand, as if fearful of entering, and was saluted by an old harridan, who sat in the corner, with "Come in at once, if you're coming, or my girls will take cold;" shut to the door in disgust, and found upon inquiry that the fair occupant of the carriage was one of Mother Conway's decoys.—MEM. To be very careful whom I ogle in future. Met a *jolie* dame coming from church, with a black servant behind her; had the good fortune to recover her fan from the dirt before Mungo had perceived the accident; offered my arm for the crossing, was accepted; proceeding up Bond-street from St. George's, Hanover-square, very lovingly, met Colonel Bencoolen; saluted with a loud laugh; the fat beauty blushed like crimson, and made an effort to disengage her arm, which I with an affectionate squeeze resisted; found by her curtsy that the gay colonel was known to her, and had the satisfaction to learn, in a whisper from him, that I was escorting home the old housekeeper of his father, an Indian nabob. Made a resolution to resist first impressions in future, and broke it again the next day.

THE ADVENTURE AT THE THEATRE.

This tale, though it may try your patience, will show you the extent of my wretchedness, and I think you will admit I am, without exception, one of the most unfortunate dogs that ever breathed.

I went, when last in town, to a play at Covent Garden. My attention, on entering the box, was arrested by a beautiful creature, who sat a few yards from the place I occupied. You know that I am constitutionally of a most susceptible nature, and I suppose there is hardly a man in England upon whom female loveliness is qualified to make a deeper impression. Only judge how my heart fluttered when I saw the bewitching woman I have just mentioned. Imagine a singularly beautiful Grecian countenance, surrounded with a profusion of dark, glossy ringlets, playing over a capacious fine forehead; a pair of the brightest hazel gems that ever sparkled in the firmament of beauty, or illumined with their brilliant flashes the soul of man; cheeks, not in the rude glow of robust health, but delicately tinted with the fascinating hue with which Flora decks the newly opening rose, or the soft clear maiden's blush of the *camelia Japonica*; her complexion free from the blanched hue of sickness, and yet white and clear as an alabastrine Venus; lips round and pulpy as the velvet of Genoa;

Her bosom gently rose and fell
Like circling ocean, when the swell,
By zephyrs borne from off the main,
Heaves to the breeze and sinks again.

But I shall run distracted if I pursue this horribly fascinating description; suffice it to say, it has left a sad impression on my heart, that bids defiance to the balm of time: in short, accept my assurance that this was one of

the fairest creatures that ever lent a lustre to the circles of public amusement. You may guess the rapture I felt, when, after stealing a few tender glances at my charmer, I found that they were not only noticed but returned.

Love's first impression !—'tis a theme sublime,
Pregnant with lofty thought and bright idea,
As full of imagery as the poet's vision,
Or fancied heaven of the heathen deities.
'Tis like great Nature in her summer robe,
Array'd in all the varied tints that Flora,
Goddess of the fragrant mead and silvery dell,
With many-colour'd hue besprinkles.

My heart danced, and my eyes glistened, I am certain, when the first faint suspicion of this truth rushed upon me; but no sooner had my conjectures been realized by one of the kindest looks that were ever yielded by maiden purity to the watchfulness of its humble admirer, than I thrilled with ecstasy, and sank back upon my seat in a transport of rapture. On recovering my senses, I hurried down stairs to consult the box-list, and soon ascertained the name of my incognita by the number of the box in which her party was seated. The boxkeeper, in answer to my inquiries, and in gratitude for my liberality, assured me that she was a person of the first respectability; a lady of considerable fortune and expectations; that her name was Seymour; that she was unmarried; and that her residence was with her mother, in * * * street, Berkeley-square. Transported at this propitious intelligence, I

found it necessary to give my overcharged feelings a little relief, and I proceeded to take a short walk in one of the neighbouring avenues, with the intention of returning as soon as my disordered ideas were arranged, and exhilarating myself with another view of the dear girl, whose heart I had no doubt I had engaged. You will judge of my torture on returning, to find that Miss Seymour and her friends had left the theatre, and that several hours at least must elapse before the sight of her beauties could calm my fevered imagination. I endeavoured to console myself with the knowledge I had obtained of her residence, but my temper was so embittered by disappointment, that I actually pushed an old beggar-woman into the kennel, and knocked down two or three other persons as I sauntered home. Sleep I could not; there was a fluttering anxiety in my mind, an agitation, pleasing yet perplexing, a doubting, uneasy sensation, that whispered to my heart my dream of joy would not be of long duration. I rose again, lighted my Sinumbra lamp, and attempted the following translation from a Danish manuscript. The subject was congenial to my feelings; it calmed but not eradicated the pain.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

“She passed before me on the summer breeze, sailing
beneath the bow of heaven; her countenance was comely
as the face of the morning when she blusheth in the east;

her golden hair, flowing behind her, was like the path of the sun reflected on the ocean, when he hurrieth to his tabernacle of rest; her eyes sparkled as doth the evening star when it riseth on the diadem of night; her voice murmured over the waters, and the crested waves grew calm; her pinions were as the plumage of the halcyon; as she shook them over the polished flowers, the dew-drops trembled therein: the air was filled with balm, and the withering leaves looked up; her wings, like the swallow's, are ever in motion, and were her feet to touch the earth, that moment she would die.

"She delighteth in the flying cloud—she delighteth in the running stream—she delighteth in the sea-green palace of the deep—she sporteth in the moonbeams when they sparkle on the lake—she rideth in the chariot of the sun—she spreadeth her garment for his pillow, and departeth on the shooting star. Time cannot impair her beauty, and over her the shadow of death hath no power. The snake is her emblem on earth, the dolphin in the waters, and the bird of paradise in the sky. 'Twas she who pervaded the elements when they were congregated in chaos, and when the morning stars beheld her they sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

Exhausted, I sunk upon my couch, and in the perturbation of the spirit saw a host of dire chimeræ, decked in all the fancies of Morprian witchery. I rose, breakfasted, dressed myself with peculiar neatness, and proceeded to-

wards * * * street, Berkeley-square, determined, if all other expedients failed of getting access to Miss Seymour, to enter the house, request the honour of an interview with her parents, and make an offer of my hand and fortune. In my way to * * * street, I seemed to tread upon air, and a more buoyant heart was never lodged in a human bosom than that which beat till it sickened with anticipation of my charmer's presence. How cruelly has this state of happiness been reversed! and that too by an accident of which no person upon earth would ever have dreamed, by nothing in the world but——I will finish the narrative however of my budding hopes, and then you shall hear the cause of my blighted expectations.

On arriving in * * * street, I found, by inquiring in the vicinity, that my information was perfectly correct, and that Miss Seymour's friends had long been established in opulence and respectability. I had fidgeted myself with abundance of apprehensions, and fancied a hundred times over that I might have been mis-directed by the box-keeper, or that I had inadvertently substituted some other name and address for the particulars he had supplied. To my great joy, however, these apprehensions were groundless, and I found myself tranquillised down to a state of gentle effervescence, as I reached the street in which Miss Seymour lived. Here all my old scruples rushed upon me, and I began to think that though Miss Seymour had been at the play, the box-keeper might have

changed the seats that were originally intended for her, and furnished me with the address of some old harridan spinster, by whom her place was filled. I knew that such mistakes were not improbable, and my fertile imagination immediately conjured up the present case, as one in which it might have peculiarly happened. The thought of losing my charmer after such encouragement and exertion was so agonizing, that I broke out into a profuse perspiration, and had absolutely staggered against the area rails of a neighbouring house, when, on looking up, I saw my dear Miss Seymour seated like a blushing statue at one of the parlour windows. Yes, sir, I actually stood in the full dark eye of the woman I adored; and such were the mingled efforts of suspense, surprise, and delight, that my head swam round, and I fell upon the pavement in a state of insensibility. You may easily guess what a heavy fall it was, when I tell you that my tortoise-shell snuff-box broke to pieces in my pocket, and that the gilt buttons on the back of my new blue coat, though I had only put it on that morning, were scratched as if I had worn it for a twelvemonth. On reviving, I found myself in a very handsome apartment, supported by a pretty servant-girl. She was applying a bottle of hartshorn to my nose, a footman, in a neat livery, stood at her elbow with a glass of water, and an elderly lady, in whom I at once saw the mistress of the house, appeared to be directing their operations. I was sufficiently collected in a few minutes to recollect the

nature of my situation, and when the domestics withdrew summoned up courage enough to ask if my acknowledgments were not due to the hospitality of Mrs. Seymour. The good old lady answered yes, and I immediately gave way to my feelings, and disclosed the attachment I felt for her daughter. Mrs. Seymour smiled at my declaration, but her smile was rather marked by incredulity than approval; I saw this, and was proceeding to meet the scruples I thought the abruptness of my passion might have raised, when she asked me in a good-natured tone, if I was fully aware of Maria's situation. I precipitately answered in the affirmative, and confessed the whole of what the box-keeper had told me. Mrs. Seymour began to look serious, and requested to know if I had made a minuter inquiry, or received more explicit information. Wondering at the oddness of this question, I answered, no, and was proceeding to state that as beauty, character, and accomplishments were the only things I aspired to possess, the fortune of her daughter would neither constitute an allurement, nor force an objection. "On that point, sir," replied my projected mother-in-law, "your most sanguine hopes might be gratified; but there is one obstacle to a union with my daughter, which I fear you will find insuperable."—"I find insuperable! I, madam, who am devoured with eagerness to call her mine—and let the tenderness with which I shall meet her evince the warmth of my attachment! Impossible!" "But have you heard, sir, that Maria has had the mis-

fortune"——I felt a cold perspiration creep over me as I strove in vain to quit my chair, and it was with exceeding difficulty that I could articulate, "How, madam! has Miss Seymour been so"——when the old lady interrupted me with fresh earnestness, "Have you never heard that my daughter has got"——"Got!—could God—is it possible so much loveliness can be"——"It is too true, sir: by a trifling slip in early life she has got"——"Got what, madam?—for Heaven's sake, relieve the cruel suspense," cried I, jumping up by a violent effort.—"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Seymour, with a sigh that sounded like the preface to a tale of woe—"Alas! sir, my poor dear daughter"—sobbed the deeply afflicted old lady, covering her face with her handkerchief, "has got——A WOODEN LEG!" "Just heavens!" ejaculated I, "is it possible?"—Judge of my anguish, my horror, my despair, at this dreadful intelligence! I stood, after the first burst of the heart, for a few seconds like a petrification. My eyes were fixed and glassy; I clenched my hands, and my teeth ground audibly together; my whole frame shook with agitation. Mrs. Seymour, alarmed, rose hastily to ring the bell for assistance—her action restored me to a sense of my dreadful disappointment. I attempted something by way of explanation or apology; but my feelings were in such an exasperated state, that every noise on the stairs seemed to my sensitive ears like the stumping of Miss Seymour's wooden leg. All the violence of my grief rolled back upon

me, and produced another burst of desperation: I snatched up my hat and stick, and was about to rush out of the room, when the violence of my actions had so alarmed the old lady, that she pulled the bell incessantly till—oh! my poor brain turns at the very recollection—the devoted of my heart—the source of all my misery—came stumping into the room, followed by the servants; and, in her alarm to prevent a stumble, elegantly held up her drapery, as if purposely to overwhelm me with confusion and misery, by a full and lengthened display of her artificial limb. Overcome by my despair, I sunk to the earth like a massive weight, and in that state was removed to my own house by the kindness of Mrs. Seymour's directions*.

“ Now tell me, my dear Lady Dashwood, what am I to do? My heart is still devoted to the image of Miss Seymour, such as I first fancied her before this dreadful discovery took place: and yet my sensations are so acute, that the knowledge of her artificial limb inspires me with alarm and terror. Am I not a most unfortunate dog?”

“ Really,” said her ladyship, “ I begin to change my opinion, and find I have done you some injustice. But come, you shall have a seat in our travelling-carriage—we are for London to-morrow—I'll undertake your cure. Put

* This tale is literally founded on fact, and originally appeared (in a different shape) in a diurnal print.

yourself under my directions, and if in three months' time you are not fast bound in Hymeneal fetters to your heart's content, say I have no skill in the science of divination, or that the fascinations of bright eyes and beauteous faces have lost all their influence upon mankind.

How delightful to follow an elegant fair,
In her figure a Venus, a seraph in air,
With an ankle well turn'd, and a foot neat and small,
Tripping down Piccadilly, or pacing the Mall;
With a heart palpitating, and breathless, you pace
At full *double quick time*, for a glance of her face,
When, oh, horror! how frightful, and great your surprise,
'Tis an old harridan, with two odd goggle eyes,
Dress'd up *à la Français*, a wrinkled old ewe,
Trick'd out to inveigle some innocent beau.



THE DISAPPOINTMENT.



Point vi.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

“LONDON is a world by itself; we daily discover in it more new countries and surprising singularities than in all the universe besides; there are among the Londoners so many nations differing in *manners, customs, and religions*, that the *inhabitants* themselves don't know a quarter of them. Some carry, others are carried: ‘Make way there!’ says a gouty-legged chairman, that is carrying a pink of quality to a morning's exercise, or a Bartholomew-baby-beau, newly launched out of a chocolate house, with his pockets as empty as his brains. ‘Make room there!’ says another fellow, driving a wheelbarrow of nuts, that spoil the lungs of the city apprentices, and make them wheeze over their mistresses as bad as the phlegmatic cornutos their masters. One draws, another drives: ‘Stand up there, you blind dog,’ says a carman, ‘will you have the cart squeeze you to death?’ One tinker knocks, another bawls ‘Have you brass pot, kettle, skillet, or frying-pan to mend?’ whilst another son of a —— yelps louder than Homer's Stentor, ‘Two a groat, or four for sixpence, mackerel.’ One draws

his mouth up to his ears, and howls ‘Buy my flounders;’ and is followed by an old burly drab, that screams out the sale of her *maids* and her *soul* at the same instant.

“Here a sooty chimney-sweeper takes the wall of a grave alderman, and a broom-man jostles the parson of the parish. There a fat greasy porter runs a trunk full butt against your forehead; while another salutes you from behind with a flat of eggs and butter. (*See Vignette.*) By and by comes a christening, with the reader screwing up his mouth to deliver the service *à la mode de Paris*, and afterwards talking immoderately nice and dull with the gossips, the midwife strutting in front, and young original sin as fine as *fippence*, followed with the vocal music of ‘Kitchen stuff ha’ you, maids?’ and a d—d trumpeter calling in the rabble to see a calf with six legs and a top-knot. There goes a funeral, with the men of Rosemary-lane after it, licking their lips after three hits of white sack and claret at the house of mourning, and the sexton walking before as big and bluff as a beefeater at a coronation. Here a poet scampers for ’t as fast as his legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *bandog* bailiffs with open mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine Muses. The town of London is a prodigious animal, and the streets are so many veins wherein the people circulate.”

Thus writes the facetious old Tom Brown, from whose witty works we may be tempted to make further extracts, (illustrative of our progress through the regions of misery) when it can be done without offence to decency.

MISERIES OF A LONDON SUMMER MORNING.

Who has not wak'd to list the busy sounds
 Of Summer's Morning in the sultry smoke
 Of noisy London? On the pavement hot
 The sooty chimney-boy, with dingy face,
 And tatter'd cov'ring, shrilly bawls his trade,
 Rousing the sleepy housemaid. At the door
 The milk-pail rattles, and the tinkling bell
 Proclaims the dustman's office, while the street
 Is lost in clouds impervious. Now begins
 The din of hackney-coaches, waggons, carts;
 While tinmen's shops, and noisy trunk-makers,
 Knife-grinders, coopers, squeaking cork-cutters,
 Fruit-barrows, and the hunger-giving cries
 Of vegetable venders, fill the air.
 Now every shop displays its varied trade,
 And the fresh sprinkled pavement cools the feet
 Of early walkers. At the private door
 The ruddy housemaid twirls the busy mop,
 Annoying the smart 'prentice, or neat girl
 Tripping with band-box lightly. Now the sun
 Darts burning splendour on the glitt'ring pane,
 Save where the canvas awning throws a shade
 On the gay merchandize. Now spruce and trim,
 In shops (where Beauty smiles with Industry)
 Sits the smart damsel, while the passenger
 Peeps through the window, watching ev'ry charm.
 Now pastry dainties catch the eyes minute
 Of humming insects, while the limy snare
 Waits to enthrall them. Now the lamp-lighter
 Mounts the tall ladder, nimbly vent'rous,
 To trim the half-fill'd lamp; while at his feet
 The pot-boy yells discordant: all along
 The sultry pavement the old clothesman cries
 In tone monotonous, and sidelong views
 The area for his traffic: now the bag

Is sily open'd, and the half-worn suit
 (Sometimes the pilfer'd treasure of the base
 Domestic spoiler,) for one half its worth,
 Sinks in the green abyss. The porter now
 Bears his huge load along the burning way,
 And the poor poet wakes from busy dreams
To paint the London Summer Morning.

MISERIES OF WALKING IN LONDON.

FIRST, in bulk and in importance, are the WADDLERS, or well-fed walkers; men who "lard the lean earth" as they walk. These are, generally, overseers of the poor, parsons, sectarian and orthodox, single gentlemen who dine out every day, and gourmands in general. Before you see their protuberant bellies,—which is more than they can, for the fifth button from the collar terminates the extent of the vista to their eyes,—you catch an *a posteriori* view of their legs, which, in tight black silk stockings, look prodigiously like a pair of peripatetic black-puddings, or if in white ditto, still more like a brace of balustrades removed from Blackfriars-bridge. You get out of their way, as you would from the path of the Plethora personified, or run into an apothecary's to avoid "the swashing blow" of the sanguine Apoplexy, who goes about, unseen, knocking the stoutest down, "as the butcher felleth an ox." But you get out of the way of a thorough bred Waddler in vain, for if you stand to the wall to let them pass, they heave their burly bulks on that side; and if you give them

the wall, and strike out for the curb, they have rolled their huge hulls there before you ; and wherever you tack, bear down upon you like a Dutch praam upon a cock-boat, and are sure to capsize you by a lurch against either your lar-board or starboard quarter ; or else run you under, as a coal-barge does a skiff. Their bellies are burthens, which they carry about with them as a punishment for their sins in gluttony ; these usually jut out so far from the fair line of their bodies, that it is not uncommon to see a little boy, of six or seven years, run under them, as to a pent-house, from a surly bellowing bull, or heel-biting dog, and much perplex the paunchy man, as to what it can be that is bobbing and clinging below, where his eyes cannot reach to look ; when, perhaps, at that moment a lively young fellow whisks me round the corner, and coming full butt against that puncheon, his belly, tilts him over, like a cask running low, and introduces his shoulders through two squares of plate-glass into a shop-window ; whereupon the master rushes out, sets him on his legs again, and charges him a guinea for the glass, and nothing for the abuse he gives him. A Waddler in a summer shower, in nan-keens, and no umbrella, who insists upon taking your arm, and keeping your pace,—which, in other words, is making you keep his,—is something still more horrible ; or in a cold bitter night in January, when the frost seems as if it would freeze even the milk of human kindness in your breast, to be pinned by the sleeve to a short-paced and short-breathed Waddler is a slow pinching misery of which

no one, but him who unluckily suffers it, can conceive the cold curdling horror : it is more blood-stiffening than any thing related in a Radcliffe romance.

The CRAWLERS are a race of men who infest great cities, and seem to creep along "the noiseless tenor of their way," not from age or infirmity, but from a slow and sluggish spirit, which instigates them to get in the way of the pursuers after profit or pleasure, as they hurry hither and scurry thither. If you meet with one of these, it is, invariably, in some narrow pass,—which they make impossible to pass,—some Cornhill alley, where you compress yourself to the flatness of a biffin to get beside them, and thus, by no slight squeeze, in a parallel position to ooze out of the turning ; but when you have abridged yourself from an elephant-folio-sized man to a Pickering duodecimo-sized manikin, he seems all at once to swell out, like the fabulous frog, beyond his natural dimensions, as if he resented your suspicion of his passable thinness, and you might as well attempt,—though not one of the impossible camels and rich men who are proscribed from so doing,—to thread your way through the eye of a Whitechapel needle, as pass him by ;—or else, perhaps, the alley narrows as you approach the extremity, like a funnel, though wide as Highgate tunnel at the mouth ; when, finding how impossible it is to pass, you make up your mind to follow in his wake, whilst he leisurely crawls his caterpillar-way, and perhaps halts a minute or two to read a placard which is pasted against the wall of the house which straddles over the end

of the alley. Here you whisper to yourself a few impatient imprecations upon such creeping creatures, and rushing at last from between the two dead walls which you have been so long cooped alive in, you run butt against an old lady in high pattens, and inhumanly, with the horns of your hurry, toss her like a pancake into the street, and have hardly temper enough left to lift her up again, and ask her pardon, like a gentleman, which she has some reason to doubt you not to be, till the Crawler,—who will not, nevertheless, alter the time of his pace half a crotchet to gather her up,—assures her, beyond a doubt, and a little beyond the alley, that you are not a gentleman.

The WALLERS are a set of stout, bachelorly personages, of the sour side of sixty, to be met with here and there in the city, very pertinacious in their path, and persistory in the side which they have taken, and mean to preserve; and consequently, and consequentially, they cling by the wall, and appear to entertain as great a fondness for it as if they were so many Pyramuses, and had each of them a Thisbe on the other side of it; or as if, indeed, they were so many wall-flowers, or wall-loving crickets, and you should as soon root out the one, when it is out of the reach of every hand but winter's, or find out, and turn out, the other from his merry hiding-chink, as succeed in dispossessing these obstinates of the wall, which they stick by like a thick-pasted placard. You may know one of these before you come up with him, by the spiteful glance of his eye, which casts on you a far off look of determination to "give

the wall to *no man but a woman*,—d—me, sir!" If you cannot, however, catch the malicious glisten of their glance, which is as cruel as "the death-darting eye of the cockatrice," there is a certain shouldering expression in their kimboed elbow, as any Patlander would say, that warns off any opposition which is not stronger and stouter than their own.

The STRUTTERS are a rather harmless swarm of pompous young would-be-gentlemen, not of the Beauclerc family, though they are generally beau clerks, who take all the opportunity which their punctual walk from a bed-room at Walworth, between half-past eight and nine, for the city, allows them to show the elegant cut and contour of their coats, and the excessive brilliancy of their Hessians, which, in summer, are dusted every half mile with a handkerchief, and in winter suffer "no jot of diminution" in the first three quarters of a mile off the stones of their matinal walk, but ere they have well reached "Tumble-down Dick," in the Borough, are just as dirty as that significant sign, and their whole leg of boot is as thickly bedaubed with mire as the foot of London Bridge, which, about December, carries them on its back very cleanly over the water, but leaves them to wade through the mud-shoals at both ends as well as they may; so that by the ninth hour, when these individuals have reached Lombard-street, which they do to a minute, if they glance with the eye of "squint suspicion" at their feet, like peacocks, their flaunting feathers fall, and look ruffled; and they are possible to be borne with, and

really forget themselves to modesty till evening. Then, after a dry brush, they revive, and are as pompous and *pavé*-strutting as in the morning, making their wide way out of the good city of London, to the theatrical centre of the much better city of Westminster, to solace themselves with a half-price glance at the new afterpiece.

The Strutters are a great terror to all belated city porters, who, returning home heavily laden with their burthens, and still heavier with beer, are more easily shouldered than their loads, and pitched, with their bales of cotton, over an apple-stall, and that pitiable and unpoetical handmaid of Pomona's, the frozen old woman at the corner of it; whereupon the porters, though relieved of their load, curse like *Caliban* under his, but getting up with their fists full of fightiveness,—as Gall and Spurtzheim would express it,—they recognize in the shoulderer, during the symphonious sparring before “round the first,” the gay Mr. Julian Junius Jenkins, the head-clerk at Messrs. C. and Company's, or Mr. Theophilus Theophrastus Todd, the second clerk at Mr. D.'s, when they murmur, and melt into a reluctant smile, because they recollect that one, or both of them, occasionally gives them a light job when either shifts his lodging, which both not unfrequently do, since landladies have got into that impatient way of thrusting their bills into their lodgers' hands as they are going out in the morning; or, perhaps, Mr. Theophilus Todd gives him half-a-crown at Christmas, which he charges to the firm at five shillings. Mr. Julian Junius then begs a

thousand pardons, and slipping sixpence into his horny hand, which he shakes in a very familiar manner, to the satisfaction of Mr. Porter's wounded pride, the parties part, leaving the poor abused apple-woman to gather up her twice-fallen fruit, with the unasked assistance of about twenty "apple-munching urchins," who put one apple into their pockets, and one into her basket alternately, protesting all the while against the shamefulness of strutting city-clerks and clumsy city-porters.

The BUTTERS are a race of walkers that might very well pass for runners, for they are always coming suddenly round corners, full drive against you, knocking you down, if of a light weight, but picking you up again with the most profuse politeness; and before you can remonstrate with them, or even pardon them, if you are of a forgiving temper, they have bounced off again, like a cracker, and have sprawled a milkman at the other corner of the street, before you are half steadied on your feet.

The BUSTLERS, or men of business, are a set of people who are always on the can't-stop-to-talk-with-you run; and you might really suppose, by their manner, that no one had any business to do but themselves, or if they had, were neglecting it, they are so impatient of their progress. Woe to the young bread-and-butter biting urchins who go creeping their snail's pace "unwillingly to school," for the true ill-natured Bustler will go out of his way to make one of these satchelled loiterers in his way, when a cuff of the cap, which, from its neighbourhood to the head, generally

disorders that also, sends him out of the way, blubbering like one of those monumental cherubim "which continually do cry!" And woe also to that dodging, dogging, and dilatory town-dog, one of those free-livers, "without a local habitation and a name," he has so many, who strolls his idle no-business-to-do way along the narrow *pavé*, for a passing kick as surely astonishes him with the unmerited occasion for it, as that he was cudgelled yesterday for an attempt at an *escalade* of the lower shelf of a butcher's shop. You might infer, to look at the breathless and hot speed which the Bustler is making, that his town-house is on fire, or that he is within five minutes of the noting of a bill for a thousand pounds; but he is, in fact, merely on his way from his country-house, at Clapham, to Milk-street, in the city, and his hurried and breathless bustling is only the moving effect of that eager and intense desire to reach the mart of money-making exactly at the usual time of one minute before nine in the morning, "for business must be attended to." And so it should, as a provident pleasure, and to take, by usefulness, from the idleness of life, and by keeping the mind employed, preserve it wholesome; but your thorough-paced bustlers are only bent on business from the degrading desire of sordid acquisition: to this they sacrifice all the real good, of the goods of this world, and amass the means so rapidly and unceasingly, that they have neither the leisure to see that they are good, nor, what is worse, "the leisure to be good" themselves.

The HUSTLERS are a sort of pocket-handkerchief and purse and pocket-book-taking set of pedestrians, who, from mere inadvertency, in the hurry and confusion of a crowded city, are accidentally apt to put their hands into your pockets, but are always gentlemanly enough to apologize very handsomely the moment the mistake is discovered; though it is not uncommon, if not found out, to catch them wiping their unconscious faces with your best cambric; or looking, by a gas-light, over the contents of your pocket-book,—not those contents in the third page,—and being light readers, when they have digested them, it is surprising to see how careless they are of all your careful memoranda, flinging down some area all your dinner-engagements, in the face of, and as if they meant to insult, the cooks where you did not mean to dine; or else, perhaps, dropping them down a gulley-grate, which has a direct communication with the Fleet, and through that with the Thames, where it is, after many days, picked up by the drag-net of a flounder-fisher, who opens it, and sighs over the “poor drowned gentleman” that it is supposed to have belonged to, and comes to your house, from the direction he finds in it, offering to yourself to drag for your body, which, of course, you very politely decline for the present. In the meantime your hardened Hustler mixes himself up, as promiscuously as before, with the undistinguished mob, and perhaps the next day falls into a similar error; and there are people to be met with who set their

dislike so stoutly against these probable mistakes, that they will sometimes put an unfortunate hustler under a pump, and having drenched him into a dropsy, set him going again with the most unmerciful propulsions of their feet against the broadest part of his back.

The SWAGGERERS are a description of personages who either clear the pavement themselves, or expect that it should be cleared for them by others. These are the Mohawks of the west end of the town, and consist, generally, of unfledged ensigns, just appointed to carry colours, though they cannot carry themselves; and a few privates, or private gentlemen, called so by courtesy, just come of age, or come to town; or old to the town and newly from the Bench, these especially seeming as if they intended, by their frequent jostling and jolting against the honester and humbler passengers of the pavement, to rub off in Westminster the white-washing they received in Surrey. All, and every one of this class, expect you, upon the flourishing of a cane,—price sixpence plain, and ninepence tasseled,—*à la militaire*, to disperse to the right and to the left, or have an elbow in your ribs, which might pass for a horse's leg; or else stand prepared for a fall, and an exchange of cards. The best way to treat a thorough Swaggerer is to pull his nose, and deny him the honour of knowing who tweaked it.

The LOUNGERS are a more harmless, but still offensive, class of the same species, who are the daily pest of Bondstreet, and the nightly pest of box-lobbies. You may hear

any one of them long before you catch sight of him, for the jingling of his spurs, like the tinkling of that bell which precedes the procession of the Host, gives solemn warning to your humble unspurred walker to do the homage of clearing a thoroughfare for him, if you are not expected to crook "the pregnant hinges" of your knees. You may know one of them by his loose gait, and looser gaiters, or by his Anglesea trowsers and Wellington pelisse; by his blue cravat and brilliant boots, which "glare a horrid Day" and Martin-like lustre; by his bee's waist, and pigeon's breast; by his Uxbridge-brimmed hat, that looks as if it had fell out of a high window on his head by accident; and by the elegant orderly disorder of his hair, which in its disposition and general effect looks like nothing on earth so much as the sprawling spread of the black cork-tree, and seems, by its arrangement, to have been combed by a *chevaux-de-frise*. A complete loungeur seems as if he was made for no other use than to fling himself into a chair, as if he meant to throw himself away; to yawn, and "my-dear-fellow" every one he addresses, whether peer or pick-pocket; and gulp ices and trifles, and gurgle down soda-water and noyau. To look vacant and weary of every thing but himself, and ogle a pretty woman through his glass, adjust his collar, or his cravat, and fillip his boots with his walking-whip!

The PLODDERS are your men of easy circumstances, from success in trade, and they pass for such, as they tread their quiet, regular, jog-trot way through any street which

leads to the Bank. They are usually elderly students in the old school of Commerce, and of some sixty years or so of age, and sixty thousand in the funds, besides lands, loans, tenements, and hereditaments, all the gradual acquisitions of a quiet perseverance in the good old easy ways of trade, by which men made a fortune out of nothing in forty years: while, according to the new system, a trader is to make one in ten, out of a capital at starting of forty-thousand, which, in less than eight of the ten, he has somehow or other lost, and in the ninth year finds himself member for Southwark,—that is, he has a seat in Banco Regis, instead of the Commons; or else is in the “durance vile” of Ludgate, swallowing in thankfulness my Lord Mayor’s leavings at a civic feast, instead of being, as he expected about that time to be, my Lord Mayor himself. The old gentlemanly plodders usually carry a cane, which they are very partial to shake at passing puppies, or their seniors, dogs, but never use wantonly nor cruelly. They walk very erect, because they have been all their lives upright men. In “summer time, and heavenly weather,” they habitually take off their hats every five or six hundred yards, and wipe their foreheads of the powdered perspiration, and shake their pig-tails from their retreat behind the coat-collar, which being duly regulated, and pointed due West, as they are steering “Eastward-hoe!” they gently fit their hats on again, as if they were always new, and not to be roughly handled, and planting their canes firmly under their hands again, pursue their leisurely path,

and seem the only persons undisturbed by the "disturbance rude" of a crowded city. They are always glad to meet with an old trading chum, when they usually withdraw from the pouring current of the populace to some nook, where the hand-shaking, which began a few minutes ago, is concluded; and exchanging snuffs, and placing their canes behind them, so as to form a line of continuation from the point of the pig-tail to the ground, they coolly chat over the first political news of the morning, or the last of last night. Meanwhile, the modern men of trade scour past them like so many beagles, breathless after a false scent, and glance looks of half-contempt at the sure-footed plodders of the old school.—*New European*.



THE RENCONTRE.





Point vii.

MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

WHAT, what is Marriage? Harris, Priscian,
Assist me with a definition.

"Oh!" cries a charming silly fool,
Emerging from her boarding school,
"Marriage is—love, without disguises,
It is a—something that arises
From raptures and from stolen glances,
To be the end of all Romances;
Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—but hush!
I mustn't have you see me blush."

"Pshaw!" says a modern modish wife,
"Marriage is splendour, fashion, life;
A house in town, and villa shady,
Balls, diamond bracelets, and 'My Lady';
Then for Finale, angry words,
'Some people's'—'obstinates,'—'absurds!'
And peevish hearts and silly heads,
And oaths, and 'bêtes,' and separate beds."

An aged bachelor, whose life
Has just been "*sweeten'd*" with a wife,
Tells out the latent grievance thus:
"Marriage is—odd! for one of us

'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,
 Hemlock, or sword, or slavery;
 An end at once to all our ways,
 Dismission to the one-horse chaise;
 Adieu to Sunday can and pig,
 Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig;
Our friends turn out—our wives are clapt in,
 'Tis 'exit Crony,'—'enter Captain.'
 Then hurry in a thousand thorns,
 Quarrels and compliments—and Horns.
 This is the yoke,—and I must wear it;
 Marriage is—Hell, or something near it."

"Why, Marriage," says an Exquisite,
 Sick from the supper of last night,
 "Marriage is—after one by me!
 I promised Tom to ride at three.—
 Marriage is—Gad! I'm rather late!
 La Fleur!—my stays,—and chocolate!
 D—n the Champaign!—so plaguy sour,
 It gives the headache in an hour;
 Marriage is—*really* though, 'twas hard
 To lose a thousand on a card;
 Sink the old Duchess!—three revokes!
 Gad! I must fell the Abbey oaks:
 Mary has lost a thousand more;
 Marriage is—Gad! a cursed bore!"

Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,
 Rises indignant from his throne,
 And mocks their self-reviling tears,
 And whispers thus in Folly's ears:—
 "Oh! frivolous of heart and head!
 If strifes infest your nuptial bed,

Not Hymen's hand, but Guilt, and Sin,
 Fashion, and Folly, force them in ;
 If on your couch is seated Care,
I did not bring the scoffer there ;
 If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,
 The hand that quench'd it was your own ;
 And what I am, unthinking elves !
 Ye all have made me for yourselves !"

THE MISERIES OF HABIT.

" HABITS are stubborn things :"

And by the time a man is turn'd of *forty*,
 His *ruling passion*'s grown so haughty,
 There is no clipping of its wings.

The truth will best be shown
 By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype

Was a dear friend and lover of the *pipe* ;
 He used to say, " One pipe of Wishart's best
 Gave life a *zest*."

To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,

To see the friendly vapour
 Curl round his midnight taper,
 And the black fume
 Clothe all the room

In clouds as dark as *science metaphysic*.

So still he smoked, and drank, and crack'd his joke ;
And, had he *single* tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke :
But Richard *married*.

His wife was one, who carried
The *cleanly* virtues almost to a vice,
She was so *nice* :
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
You dared not walk upright
For fear of sliding :
But that she took a pride in.
Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a *pipe*.
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco :
And then she quoted our King James, who saith,
" Tobacco is the devil's breath."
When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey :
For many a day
Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite tobacco,
And scolded oft Rebecca.
At length the day approach'd, his wife must die :
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the fun'ral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,

With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy *rooks*.
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
For grief makes people *dry*:
But Dick is *missing*, nowhere to be found.
Above, below, about
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had *hang'd* himself.
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where,
'Twill make you stare—
Perch'd on Rebecca's *coffin*, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Wishart's best.



EPIGRAM ON DICK'S WIFE, BY THE UNDERTAKER.

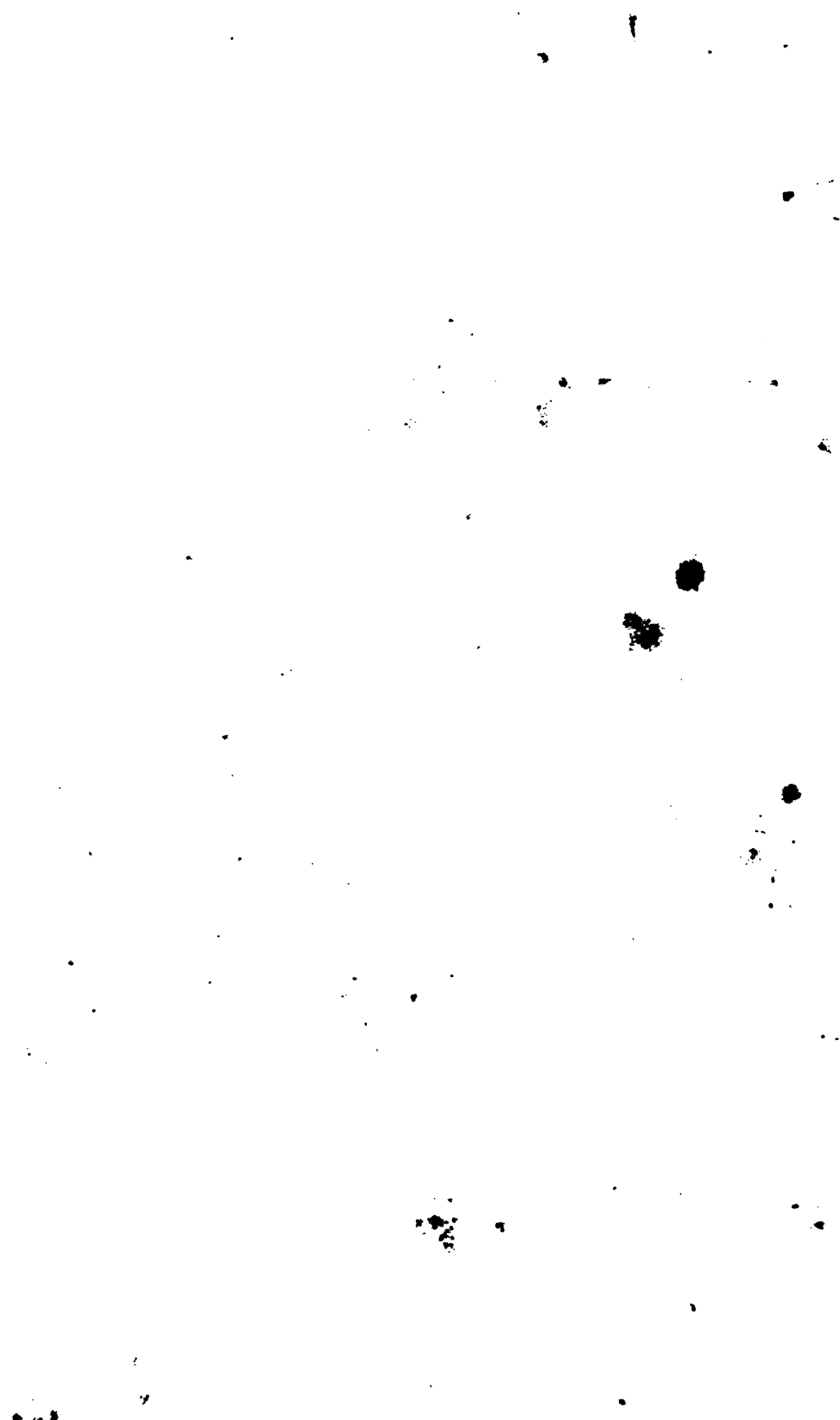
Dick on his wife could not bestow
 One tear of sorrow when she died :
 Her *life* had made so many flow,
 That all the briny fount was dried.

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE, BY DICK STRYPE.

Here lies my wife, here let her lie;
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

HOMO VERMIS—MAN IS BUT A WORM.

" We all are creeping worms of th' earth :
 Some are *silk-worms*, great by birth ;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night ;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite ;
 Some are *muck-worms*, slaves to wealth ;
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health ;
 Some to the public no good willers,
Canker-worms and caterpillars :
 Round about the earth we're crawling ;
 For a sorry life we're sprawling ;
 Putrid stuff we suck ; it fills us ;
 Death then *sets his foot*, and kills us."





Point viii.

MISERIES OF BORROWING.

“ Who lives where hang three golden balls,
Where Dick's poor mother often calls,
And leaves her trinkets, gowns, and shawls?

MY UNCLE.

Who, when misfortunes on your head
Bring sickly want, and cares o'erspread,
Who 'll take your last resource—your bed?

MY UNCLE.”

AN unconscionable pawnbroker (for there are conscionable dealers in that way, that are a relief and comfort to the poor; and those are not concerned in this character:) an unconscionable pawnbroker, I say, is Pluto's factor, old Nick's warehouse-keeper, an English Jew, that lives and grows fat on fraud and oppression, as toads on filth and venom; whose practice outvies usury, as much as incest simple fornication; and to call him a tradesman, must be by the same figure that pickpockets style their legerdemain an art and mystery. His shop, like hell gates, is always open, where he sits at the receipt of custom, like Cacus in his den, ready to devour all that is brought him; and, having gotten your spoils, hangs them up in rank and file, as so many trophies of victory. Hither all sorts of garments resort in pilgrimage, whilst he, playing the pimp, lodges the tabby-petticoat and russet-breeches together in the same bed of lavender. He is the treasurer of the thieves' exchequer, the common fender of all bulkers and shoplifts in the town. To this purpose he keeps a private warehouse, and ships away the ill-gotten goods by wholesale: dreading nothing so much as that a convict should

honestly confess how he disposed of the moveables. He is a kind of disease quite contrary to the gout; for, as that haunts the rich, so this mainly torments the poor, and scarce leaves them so much as a primitive fig-leaf to cover their nakedness.—*Harleian Miscellany*.

It is from the weekly and daily pledges that the pawn-brokers derive such immense profits. An anecdote has been related of a single **FLAT IRON**, which, in a lodging-house, was allowed for the general use of its inmates, and was actually pawned and redeemed nine times within the week, and sometimes twice a day: the sum generally lent upon it was sixpence, and if the interest is calculated it will be found that for the use of *so small a sum*, at a half-penny each time, allowing it to be pawned four times per week, it will amount to eight shillings and eightpence per year.—*Life in London*.

Thus the indigent are imposed upon, till every vestige of their little property and necessities disappears one by one. Then pallid sickness and rude want plunge the unhappy sufferer into a gaol, where he is left to starve, or, in the phraseology of the day, is fairly

CLEANED OUT.







Point ix.

MISERIES OF LIVING TOO FAST.

*" Let 's talk of duns, attorney's, bailiffs, writs,
And such like things as scare a debtor's wits ;
Detainers, declarations, prisons, keys,
Cognovits, executions, costs and fees."*

TOM TICK ;

OR,

THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Tom was a tailor's heir,
A dashing blade,
Whose sire in trade
Enough had made,
By *cribbage, short skirts, and little capes,*
Long bills, and items for buckram, tapes,
Buttons, twist, and small ware,
Which swell a bill out so delightfully,
Or perhaps I should say frightfully,
That is, if it related to myself:
Suffice it to be told
In wealth he roll'd,

And being a fellow of some spirit,
 Set up his coach;
 To 'scape reproach,
 He put the tailor on the shelf,
 And thought to make his boy a man of merit.

On old Etona's classic ground,
 Tom's infant years in circling round
 Were spent 'mid Greek and Latin;
 The boy had parts both gay and bright,
 A merry, mad, facetious sprite,
 With heart as *soft* as *satin*.
 For *sport* or *spre* Tom never lack'd,
 A *con*¹ with all, his *sock*² he crack'd
 With *oppidan*³ or gownsman.
 Could *smug* a sign, or quiz the *dame*,
 Or row, or ride, or poach for game,
 With *cads*⁴, or Eton townsmen.
 Tom's *admiral*⁵ design'd,
 Most dads are blind
 To youthful folly,
 That Tom should be a man of learning,
 To show his parent's great discerning,
 A parson rich and jolly.
 To Oxford Tom in due time went,
 Upon degree D. D. intent,
 But more intent on ruin.

¹ Eton phraseology—a friend.

² Any delicacy, as pastry, a treat, &c.

³ An independent scholar, not on the foundation.

⁴ Low fellows, who lurk about the college to provide the Etonians with any thing necessary to assist their sports.

⁵ His father.

A *Freshman*, steering for the *Port of Stuffs*¹,
 Round Isle Matricula², and Isthmus of Grace³,
 Intent on living well and little doing.
 Here Tom came out a dashing blood,
 Kept Doll at Woodstock, and a stud
 For hunting, race, or tandem ;
 Could *bag*⁴ a proctor, *floor* a *raff*⁵,
 Or stifle e'en a *bull-dog's*⁶ *gaff*,
 Get *bosky*⁷, drive at random.
 But long before the first term ended,
 Tom was inform'd, unless he mended,
 He'd better change his college.
 Which said, the *Don*⁸ was hobbling to the shelf
 Where college butler keeps his book of *Battell*⁹,
 Tom nimbly ran, erased his name himself,
 To save the scandal of the students' prattle.
 In Oxford, be it known, there is a place
 Where all the mad wags in disgrace
 Retire to improve their knowledge ;
 The town *raff* call it *Botany Bay*,
 Its inmates *exiles*, *convicts*, and they say
 Saint Alban takes the student refugees :

¹ Oxford phraseology—assumption of a commoner's gown.

² Matriculation—first entrance into the university.

³ Obtaining the grace of your college previous to taking a degree.

⁴ Secreting till out of sight of the proctor.

⁵ Townsmen.

⁶ The marshal and his men.

⁷ Inebriated, half seas over.

⁸ The head of a college, all who bear the name of *domini*.

⁹ Term expenses for commons, &c.

Here Tom, to 'scape *Point Non plus*¹, took his seat,
After a *waste of ready*²—found his feet

Safe on the shores of indolence and ease ;
Here, 'mid choice spirits, in the *Isle of Flip*³,
Dad's will, and *sapping*, valued not young *snip* ;
Scapula, Homer, Lexicon, laid by,
Join'd the peep-of-day boys in full cry.

A saving sire a sad son makes,
This adage suits most modern rakes,

And Tom above all others.

I should have told before, he was an only child,
And therefore privileged to be gay and wild,

Having no brothers,
Whom his example might mislead
Into extravagance, or deed

Ridiculous and foolish.

Three tedious years in Oxford spent,
In midnight brawl and merriment,

Tom bid adieu to college,
To cassock-robe of orthodox,
To *construe* and *decline*—the box,

Supreme in *stable* knowledge ;
To dash on all within *the ring*,
Bet high, play deep, or rioting,

At *Longs*, to sport his figure
In honour's cause, some *small affair*
Give modern bucks a finish'd air,
Tom pull'd the fatal trigger.

¹ Plucked, or genteelly expelled.

² Course of gambling and extravagance.

³ A generous fluid, made of eggs and sherry.

He kill'd his friend—but then remark,
 His friend had kill'd another spark,
 So 'twas but *trick* and *tie*.
 The cause of quarrel no one knew,
 Not *even* Tom,—away he flew,
 Till time and forms of law,
 To fashionable vices blind,
 Excuses for the guilty find,
 Call murder a *faux pas*.
 The tinsell'd coat next struck his pride,
 How dashing in the Park to ride
 A cornet of dragoons;
 Upon a charger, thorough bred,
 To show off with a high plumed head,
 The gaze of *Legs* and *Spoons*;
 To rein him up in all his paces,
 Then splash the passing trav'lers' faces,
 And spur and caper by;
 Get drunk at mess, then sally out
 To Lisle-street fair, or beat a *scout*,
 Or *bung* a waiter's eye.
 Of all the clubs,—the *Clippers*, *Screws*,
 The *Fly-by-Nights*, *Four Horse*, and *Blues*,
 The *Daffy*, *Snugs*, and *Peep-o-day*,
 Tom's an elect; at all the *Hells*,
 At *Bolton-Row*, with *tip-top swells*,
 And *Tat's men*, deep he'd play.
 His debts oft paid by *Snyder's*¹ pelf,
 Who paid at last a debt himself,
 Which all that live must pay.

¹ Flash for tailor.

Tom *book'd*¹ the old one *snug inside*,
 Wore *sables*, look'd demure and sigh'd
 Some few *short* hours away;
 Till from the funeral return'd,
 Then Tom with expectation burn'd
 To hear his father's will:—
 'Twice twenty thousand pounds in cash,'—
 "That's prime," quoth Tom, "to cut a dash
 " At races or a *mill*,"—
 'All my leaseholds, house and plate,
 'My pictures and freehold estate,
 ' I give my darling heir;
 'Not doubting but, as I in trade
 'By careful means this sum have made,
 ' He'll double it with care.'—
 "Ay, that I will, I'll hit the *nick*,
 " *Seven's the main*,—here Ned and Dick
 " Bring down my blue and buff;
 " Take off the hatband, banish grief,
 " 'Tis time to turn o'er a new leaf,
 " Sorrow's but idle stuff."
 Fame, trumpet-tongued, Tom's wealth reports,
 His name is blazon'd at the courts
 Of Carlton and the *Fives*.
 His equipage, his greys, his dress,
 His polish'd self, so like *noblesse*,
 " Is ruin's sure perquise."
 Beau Brummel's bow had not the grace,
 Alvanly stood eclipsed in face,
 The *Roues* all were mute,

¹ Screwed up in his coffin.

So exquisite, so chaste, unique,
 The mark for every *Leg* and *Greek*,
 Who play the *concave suit*¹.
 At Almack's, paradise o' the West,
 Tom's hand by prince and peer is press'd,
 And fashion cries *supreme*.
 His Op'ra box, and little *quean*,
 To lounge, to *see*, and to *be seen*,
 Makes life a pleasant dream.
 Such dreams, alas! are transient light,
 A glow of brightness and delight,
 That wakes to years of pain.
 Tom's round of pleasure soon was o'er,
 And clam'rous *duns* assail the door
 When credit's on the wane.
 His riches pay his folly's price,
 And vanish soon a sacrifice,
 Then *friendly* comrades fly;
 His ev'ry foible dragg'd to light,
 And faults (unheeded) crowd in sight,
 Asham'd to show his face.
 Beset by tradesmen, lawyers, *bums*²,
 He sinks where fashion never comes,
 A wealthier takes his place.

¹ Cards cut in a peculiar manner, to enable the *Leg* to fleece his *Pigeon* securely.

² "Persons employed by the sheriff to hunt and seize *human* prey: they are always bound in sureties for the due execution of their office, and thence are called *Bound Bailiffs*, which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely expression—to wit, *Bum-Bailiffs*, or *Bums*."—1 *Black. Com.* 346.

This note was (in my opinion) quite unnecessary.—*Printer's Devil*.

Beat at all points, floor'd, and clean'd out,

Tom yet resolved to brave it out,

If die he must, die game.

Some few months o'er, again he strays

Midst scenes of former halcyon days,

On *other* projects bent ;

No more ambitious of a name,

Or mere unprofitable fame,

On *gain* he's now intent,

To *deal a flush*, or *cog a die*,

Or plan a deep confed'racy

To pluck a pigeon bare.

Elected by the *Legs a brother*,

His plan is to entrap some other

In *Greeking's* fatal snare.

Here for a time his arts succeed,

But vice like his, it is decreed,

Can never triumph long :

A noble, who had been his prey,

Convey'd the well *cogg'd bones* away,

Exposed them to the throng.

Now *blown*, " his occupation 's" o'er,

Indictments, actions, on him pour,

His ill got wealth must fly ;

And faster than it came, the law

Can fraud's last ill got shilling draw,

Tom's pocket soon drain'd dry.

Again *at sea, a wreck, struck down*,

By fickle fortune and the town,

Without the means to *bolt*.

His days in bed, for fear of *Bums*,
At night among the *Legs* he comes,
Who *gibe* him for a *dolt*.

He's *cut*, and comrades, one by one,
Avoid him as they would a *dun*.

Here finishes our tale—
Tom Tick, the life, the soul, the whim
Of courts and fashion when in trim,
Is left——

WAITING FOR BAIL.



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